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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We trust that the Churchmen of London will remember the critical importance of the County Council election which takes place to-day. This time it is not the old question of Moderates and Progressives. The educational issue gives this election an entirely new character, and compared with that issue nothing else counts in importance. Two fundamental issues will be gravely affected by the result of this contest. Is Christianity to remain an essential element in national education? Is the machinery set up by the Education Act to be worked in the interests of education or in the interests of party? The Progressives, by resolving that the education committee shall exclude experts who have no object but the interest of education to serve, have shown that they mean to make education a purely party matter. Against this act of the Progressives the leading higher educationists in London, many of them Liberals, have protested in writing. Every Churchman who would see justice done to Church and other denominational schools, and the Act administered with that single eye to education, which Mr. Sidney Webb says the Progressives have not got, will take the trouble to-day to vote for the candidates whom he knows he can trust if elected.

News from the seat of war in the Far East has been suppressed with unprecedented success by both Russia and Japan; and where the organisation is so careful and complete one suspects in regard to the rare details that escape that both have resort to prevarication as well as suppressio veri. On sea it appears that on the night following the attempt to block the fairway at Port Arthur the Japanese torpedo boats made a reconnoitring expedition around Port Arthur, Dalny and Pigeon Bay. The next day the Japanese fleet came up and started firing upon the "Bayan", "Askold", and "Novik", which were lying outside the harbour, after being out for a few hours' cruise undertaken for the purpose of protecting their destroyers, which according to Admiral Alexeieff's account had gone out to follow up the Japanese flotilla. The Russians claim to have destroyed two Japanese boats, and the Japanese claim to have done the same to one Russian destroyer—

it does not matter much either way, boats can be quickly replaced. Admiral Starck reports that his cruisers have scouted to a distance of sixty miles from Port Arthur without getting in touch with the Japanese fleet; that distance does not represent more than three or four hours' steaming, so the fact is of little significance. The last heard of the Vladivostok cruisers was that they had left the port for an unknown destination, and the Russian squadron returning to Europe is now well on its way home. The Baltic squadron is said to be ready to reinforce in June but June is still a very long way off.

It is so clearly Japanese policy to "force the game" on land as well as by sea that some decisive movement is not likely to be long postponed. General Pflug's telegram to S. Petersburg goes to show that a certain number of Japanese troops are concentrating at Ping-yang, which has been fortified, and detachments of the two armies are almost in touch: the Russians are throwing up earthworks at Antung in preparation for a Japanese attempt to force the passage of the Yalu. But whether it is true or not that the Japanese have landed troops in Plaksin Bay or that they have succeeded—an unlikely success—in destroying a mile and a half of the railway, it is probable that the first movement will represent an attempt to get behind the Russian troops. A frontal attack on the Yalu, except as an ancillary movement, would imply some neglect of the advantage resulting from command of the sea. In conjecturing the direction of the attack it is worth noticing that the railway to Port Arthur after leaving Ta-lien-wan approaches most nearly to the western side of the Liau Tung Peninsula.

An order of the day, strangely candid in its expression, has been put forth by General Stössel. He announces that to the Japanese the capture of Port Arthur is a point of national honour and that the defenders will need the extremity of courage to hold out. It is beyond question that the allotment of Port Arthur to Russia, after its capture by the Japanese in the war with China, has never ceased to acerbate Japanese national feeling and the attacks may be directed with increased persistency owing to this irritation. But it was unexpected that so reticent a people as the Russians would think it wise to announce the fact and to proclaim the extremity of the danger. The Japanese Government has also issued a proclamation, containing a categorical denial of the imputation of treachery, as regards the first act of the war an

ungrounded accusation, and in evidence of Russia's readiness for war a multitude of precise facts are quoted relating to the extent of Russian preparations. The point was hardly worth labouring, but if the corroborative details are true the intelligence department of the Japanese army must be good.

The statement of the First Lord simplified Mr. Pretyman's task of explaining to the country why it has to face so large an increase in the Navy Estimates for the coming year. The amount for new construction is £11,500,000 as against £10,540,770 for the year now ending, and as out of this sum about £1,948,000 goes to pay for the purchase of the "Triumph" and "Swiftsure" the total cannot be called excessive. On the other hand considerable leeway has been made up in reconstruction and repairs, and there is a 50 per cent. reduction on that account. The increased size of the fleet calls for an increase in personnel, and as many as 4,000 men are to be added to the establishment. The expenditure on Naval Reserves also continues to swell, but the money should not be grudged provided good value is got for it. Owing to the great total the Estimates have reached more members are taking an interest in the debate in Committee than usual: unfortunately most of them have heard of the existence of the Two Power standard and so exercise their ingenuity in applying entirely illusory tonnage and money tests to prove that it has been exceeded, which is fairly clear proof that they have not troubled themselves to learn what the Two Power standard really means.

The debate was not without its humour, due principally to the attractive pomposity of Scottish members. Certainly Mr. Buchanan's completion of his career as naval critic will be long remembered. He protested that the construction of recent ships should have been postponed in the hope of getting a better type. "On that principle" said Mr. Pretyman, with the irritation of the professional towards the amateur, "Noah would not yet have completed his ark". But the unkindest cut of all, the coup de grâce, came from his own leader. Mr. Robertson does not forget he was once a naval expert himself, and Mr. Buchanan had extended his criticism to the disposition of the fleet in the Mediterranean. "Even I" said Mr. Robertson "with experience as a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, would not venture on that topic". There was a point beyond which his tolerance could not go. Was a Scotch lawyer to step in where even angels feared to tread? No wonder Mr. Robertson was on the side of the angels.

To those who glance only cursorily at the Estimates Mr. Arnold-Forster appears to have succeeded in satisfying the clamour for a reduction in Army expenditure. A decrease of eight millions sounds imposing. But if one looks more closely, there is little real reduction. Last year the normal charges amounted to £27,588,000; although such items as £2,157,000 for completing the reserve stores demanded by the Mowatt Committee—which will, it is said, be "practically complete" by the end of this month—and various other charges for South Africa and China brought up the total to a higher figure. But the £28,900,000 of the current Estimates allows for barely more than the normal charges; little being taken for stores, ordnance, &c., and nothing for Somaliland or manœuvres. So Mr. Arnold-Forster must be considered fortunate in taking over a concern in such good working order. No small credit for this, however, is due to Mr. Brodrick; under whose rule at any rate such vital questions as the provision of adequate reserves of stores received much attention.

A further saving is effected by reducing the establishment of the infantry—94 men per battalion in the Guards and 50 in the line, about 4,000 all told. There is no objection to the former plan, as the Guards already have so many reservists that on mobilisation it is difficult to dispose of them. But as regards the line we prefer to reserve our judgment till we know more exactly what is going to happen to the linked

battalion system, which according to Lord Esher's committee is to be abolished. In any case the army reserve at present is none too large—69,144 out of the establishment of 80,000 provided in the estimates. The new Militia reserve has been reduced from 50,000 to 10,000, its actual strength now standing at 6,791. Such a handful is of little use. But perhaps Mr. Arnold-Forster intends to abolish it. Otherwise we can trace no reasoned policy in his action, only the exigencies of political expediency.

It is stated that the new equipment for rearming the Horse and Field Artillery has been approved, and that it will begin shortly. It sounds well to hear that the wants of India are to be supplied first. But this plan is also convenient in ridding the estimates for the time being of such a charge. Generally speaking the estimates of this year stand at the lowest figure which can ever be reached, short of a large reduction in personnel and stores, which would be suicidal. Obviously these estimates will have the effect of deluding the un-instructed public—and possibly are designed to do so. But the real question is, what will be the size of the supplementary ones, which must inevitably be presented? There is no provision for Somaliland. Yet it is obvious that a large sum will still be required, even if the campaign is drawing to a conclusion. However it will not be so difficult to ask for the requisite sum, when once the crucial period of the Estimates is over.

While we hold that there is no necessity for an Inspector-General, it being plainly absurd for such exalted officials as Generals Commanding-in-Chief to be inspected by a superior, we heartily welcome the Duke of Connaught's appointment, whose pre-eminent claims for the post we have advocated from the first. His military experience has been varied and extensive. He has held some great commands, Bombay, Aldershot and Ireland; and, besides commanding a brigade in the Egyptian War of 1882, he has held very many staff appointments, including a brigade majorship both of cavalry and infantry. He has also served in every arm of the service—cavalry, artillery, engineers and infantry; and he has also what very few of our leading generals have—including Lords Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener and Sir Evelyn Wood—an extensive experience of regimental life and men, culminating in the actual command of a battalion. Indeed, his knowledge of soldiers and their ways far exceeds that of most men in such positions: and in every command which he has held he has invariably succeeded in keeping touch with and obtaining the confidence and esteem of officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

The second report of the War Office Reconstitution Committee proposes changes as startling and far-reaching as the first. But we cannot say that it shows much careful thought, or sufficient appreciation of ultimate effects. It defines in detail and with some peremptoriness the duties of the new Army Council and the Chief of the Staff: and it substitutes an elaborate and somewhat clumsy system of distribution and organisation for the much simpler and more rational one of Mr. Brodrick. There are now to be five local Commanders-in-Chief scattered over the kingdom, whose work is solely to be war preparation. They are to be relieved from administrative work by eight Majors, under whom the kingdom is again divided for administrative purposes. Under these, there is again to be a brigade organisation for all arms, an army corps or division only existing at Aldershot and Salisbury. The financial control is also reorganised, on the principle that soldiers must be responsible for the money they spend; and in place of the purely civil and financial branch now at headquarters, a mixed civil and financial branch is to be created.

Sir William Harcourt's announcement to his constituents that he will retire from political life at the end of this Parliament is of singular parliamentary interest. It even interests people out of Parliament; the "Times" gave a paragraph of a leading article to the subject. People in Parliament, even more perhaps than people out of it, slide naturally into a way of



overrating the importance of their affairs, and admittedly Sir William's retirement will rob the House of Commons of a brilliant figure in debate rather than the country of a prop and mainstay. Still what takes from the force and intellect of the House of Commons lessens the prestige of the country, and in this sense the retirement of Sir William Harcourt is a national loss.

Since Mr. Gladstone's retirement Sir William Harcourt's claim to be regarded as the greatest Parliamentarian, pure and simple, has never been in question. Mr. Chamberlain might easily have excelled him in this, but it was not worth his while, and latterly he has been very little of the House of Commons man. Sir William has been a master of almost every parliamentary art and device. No wonder Disraeli tried hard to win him over to the Tory party. His reward for resisting Disraeli's tempting overtures, and for remaining constant to the Liberals, has been not excessive. He has been once or twice thought of as a possible leader. Thus Mr. Gladstone, we believe, did once seriously consider whether Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Childers would make a suitable successor of himself. It was a case of King Log or King Stork, but the need for a successor did not after all then arise. In unnumbered debates in the House of Commons Sir William Harcourt has figured brilliantly; and on the whole he has given and taken hard blows quite in the spirit of the best masters of parliamentary fence. A great deal was made of his huffing away on one occasion when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was making a stinging attack on him, but it was a caprice of the moment only. We think there are many who would gratefully acknowledge, too, that Sir William Harcourt is a good chief to work under. Perhaps he has not always been quite so convenient to those under whom he has worked. Lord Rosebery's experiences of the two years during which he frizzled in Harcourtian juice must be of a moving character.

The rather gratuitous discussion on imperial taxation raised by Lord Beauchamp in the Lords on Thursday had the useful effect of showing the growth of belief in most of the principal speakers. Happily the imperial side of the question was exclusively discussed; but Lord Beauchamp by his point of view and his perverted interpretation of colonial opinion suggested the intrinsic cause of his failure as Governor-General of Australia. The view of other speakers, even of those who were most insistent on Mr. Chamberlain's exaggeration of the colonial request for preference, was fairly represented by Lord Goschen who granted the proof of colonial eagerness; and Lord Onslow settled the matter as regards Canada by announcing that Lord Strathcona had repeatedly urged preference in his dealings with the Colonial Office. Lord Lansdowne's temporary repudiation of "the unauthorised programme" was doubly remarkable for its distinction from Mr. Balfour's. Lord Lansdowne advocates postponement because further inquiry is still necessary, Mr. Balfour because the public is not ready. We can only hope that the inquiry and the public will develop quickly and at the same pace.

Lord Northcote's speech, referred to by the Duke of Marlborough, is the most remarkable proof we have yet had of Australian desire to organise some system of imperial taxation. Lord Northcote, speaking as Governor-General, was the mouthpiece of the Premier and his ministry. The proposals for preference were regarded, he said, with cordiality and it was held that they would give to Australia "an immense and stable market". In the debate on the Address direct proposals were made for reducing certain duties in favour of Great Britain; and though Parliament in no way declared itself there is reason to believe that the Labour Party, whose strength is steadily on the increase, is not less eager than the ministry to make preferential tariffs a test question. This proof of interest in itself annihilates the laissez-faire argument that the colonies do not wish to have their home politics disturbed by problems of imperial taxation. The

expression of the desire that Mr. Chamberlain should come out and state his case himself is wholly remarkable in a formal and official speech of this nature.

Lord Hugh Cecil's advice to his friends at Wilmslow that they should take full advantage of Mr. Chamberlain's absence may be contrasted with Mr. Chamberlain's statement that when he is hit he loves a good hard hit back. Neither can be described as noble. But Mr. Chamberlain's sentiment is entirely English: the left-cheek policy could not be among Englishmen—not that Englishmen in this are peculiar—any save a policy on the lip. But Lord Hugh Cecil's sentiment is not even good, sound, everyday, working English. A great burst of cheers greeted Mr. Chamberlain's hitting-back declaration. Who can imagine the type of Englishmen that would cheer Lord Hugh Cecil's advice to his friends to take advantage of the hard hitter's absence? No beer and roast beef nourished them.

The Bishop of Worcester in a letter to the "Times" has given satisfactory proof that his diocese is responding in all its parts to his plea for a development in the organisation of the Church. The fund for the formation of the proposed Birmingham Bishopric was opened just a year ago and £107,477 has been collected. The proof that every parish in the diocese has contributed in some measure to the fund is brought forward as a reason why Parliament should respond to the wishes of the district; and Bishop Gore urges all churchmen to press upon their members the duty of passing with all speed the Bishoprics Bill. There can be no question that Birmingham has outgrown the organisation "devised long ago for a social condition which is long past"; and the needs of the district impose an obligation upon the whole Church, if it is to be regarded as national, to improve "the antiquated machinery".

M. Combes does not look well in his latest pose. He has been extensively interviewed during the week on many subjects: his approaching collapse, the indiscretions of M. Pelletan, who also has defended himself to an interviewer, the independence of M. Jaurès and especially his conduct of the Appropriation Bill. Previously M. Combes has made no particular effort to conceal his personal bias; and as a rather brutal exponent of the type of man who regards religious observance in others as a slight on his own unbelief he has found a following and taken a position which even his opponents can appreciate. A man not afraid of the manifestations of his own character always has a certain recognised force. But M. Combes, posing pathetically as the man who sets out to do a duty imposed upon him by external obligations yet giving no hint that he has the while wrestled to repress any personal feelings, is hardly worth the respect of dislike. Besides a man in his position, who goes out of his way to protest loudly to an interviewer that his strength is as the strength of ten because his faith is pure, increases the belief, which many recent symptoms have corroborated, that the position of himself, his party, it may be even of the Republic, is at hazard. Strength for the most part is not noisy.

Convocation has some important issues before it just now at Oxford. In two cases it will have the opportunity to save an unfortunate situation created by Congregation. Congregation has resolved by a bare majority to exclude Greek from Responsions in certain circumstances; it has also resolved to destroy the essential connexion between the Honour School of Theology and the Church of England by removing the condition requiring examiners to be in Orders. If this becomes the law of the University, Oxford will cease to have any official connexion with Anglicanism. This is not merely a Church matter; it is a preliminary advance in favour of secularism. Convocation has often corrected Congregation before. Naturally: for Congregation represents a comparatively narrow clique, while Convocation

represents Oxford men of all callings and from all parts. Oxford does not mean only those who happen to live there, but the men engaged in active life all over the world whom Oxford has trained.

The least official and wholly unreported part of their Majesties' visit to Cambridge was in some ways of most interest. Both the King and the Queen have shown by influence and personal generosity their interest in modern physiology; and during the private inspection of the new Medical School on Tuesday afternoon they discussed with Professor Woodhead and Professor Dixon scientific questions in medicine with such prolonged and detailed interest that the official times for the programme were nearly disarranged. And perhaps Professor Dixon's experiment, the restoration of the vital pulsation to the heart of a creature many hours dead, is almost the chief miracle of science. Even Mr. Gerald Balfour was aroused by the Princess Victoria into a languid enthusiasm in the experiment. It was a detail significant of the nature of the King's interest that the two people whom he greeted, as it were impromptu, were Sir William Broadbent and Lord Kelvin. The Medical Schools, thanks to the ruthless cutting down of expenditure at the end, could not be a wholly beautiful building externally, but the interior is a marvel of the ingenuity for which Mr. Prior, as architect, is becoming famous.

The whole ceremony was a great spectacular success. Whatever Ruskin may say of King's Chapel, the view from the Senate House steps is one of the finest three or four scenes in England and the hundred or so red-gowned doctors who took part in the procession to the Senate House, and "flamed responsive to the sun", gave the right note of ceremonial splendour. The court of the new buildings had not equal decorative qualities. The colour of the buildings, the Squire Law Library and the Botanical Schools, in which a plum-coloured brick predominates, has been more criticised than the general architecture; and here again the interior is superior to the exterior. It is remarkable that Mr. T. G. Jackson, who has more than any man set his mark on Oxford, in St. Mary's, Trinity, Brasenose and the New Schools, should have been preferred also at Cambridge. The distinctive features of his style, which it is objected can claim no generic name, are very plain in these new Cambridge buildings, and at any rate the Professors most nearly concerned are delighted with the deference shown to their ideas of utility. In the conclusion of Tuesday's ceremony the personal note predominated, and if Professor Hughes was carried to needless length in his old-style panegyric, he was indisputably right in his contention that Sedgwick will be remembered as a teacher whose power of stimulus amounted to genius. The bronze statue, from which the King in concluding the ceremony pulled the Union Jack, was the last original work of Onslow Ford.

For the first time in a period of ten years the English cricket team has won the rubber of matches in Australia and during this same period the Australians have also had the best of things in England. No doubt Mr. Warner had the benefit of the weather. In two of the matches his team had first innings on a good wicket while the rest of the game was played under conditions wholly favourable to the bowlers. But the whole of the tour has proved that the team as team has possessed qualities of solidity which have been wholly absent in many recent elevens, and we believe this virtue is due principally to the manner of its selection. The winning of the rubber has justified the M.C.C. as well as Mr. Warner and his team. The last match was perhaps the least interesting of the four, except for Bosanquet's bowling feat. His capacity, sufficiently rare to be called unique, of making the ball turn either way without any apparent change in wrist action proved for the second time almost irresistible. Not even Stoddart's great team of 1894, the last year in which we won the rubber in Australia, had so good a record—even supposing the remaining matches are lost—as Mr. Warner's. The chief cause of success perhaps has been the utter dissimilarity in style of his six bowlers and a certain indefinable unity in the team.

#### THE FALLACIES OF AN INFALLIBLE COMMITTEE.

THE second instalment of the Army Committee's report is even more drastic and revolutionary than the first. This is no criterion of the soundness of its recommendations. There is distinct evidence of undue haste; and in many ways the report is vague and amateurish, whilst its assertive peremptoriness and assumption of infallibility are irritating. It certainly demonstrates that the Committee have hardly grasped the complicated technicalities of the subject; and, indeed, considering the rapidity with which they have worked, it would hardly have been possible for men without real practical knowledge of details to do so. Unquestionably they have more exceeded the scope of their duties than they have already admitted; since in reforming the War Office they were surely not called upon to reorganise our whole military system. Doubtless the Government now realise that it was a mistake to stake all on their discretion: and we only hope that they will not unreservedly accept these latest proposals, or unedifying chaos will ensue. The Committee, however, have somewhat cunningly provided themselves with a means of retreat by affirming that, unless their proposals are adopted in their entirety, their general scheme cannot succeed. But even granting that their proposals are in all respects perfect, their drift would be to throw a much greater burden on officers, whose future prospects, with accelerated promotion, &c., will be somewhat precarious; if the officers' burden is to be added to, we see no alternative to raising their pay to the current rate prevailing in other spheres of life.

The report deals with five subjects—the duties of the Army Council; the promotion and selection of junior officers; the duties of the Chief of the Staff and the organisation of his work; the decentralisation of the army; and the reorganisation of the finance department. The duties of the Army Council are laid down in minute detail. They are supreme in the army; and the inspector is supposed to be subordinate to them. Surely then it is absolutely incongruous that, unlike the Admiralty Board, they should not select all officers for higher commands and posts. Yet this vitally important business is under an outside official, the inspector-general; with the result that the latter is in this respect in a much more commanding position than was the commander-in-chief, who worked in touch with the Secretary of State. It is true that all recommendations have to receive the sanction of the Secretary of State and the Council. Still it would be most invidious for these to overrule the selection board under the inspector-general. Moreover the Secretary of State is placed in this almost impossible position. He is responsible to Parliament; and, when any appointments are challenged, it will be his duty to defend them in the House. Yet he really has no voice in the matter. The military members of the Council and every staff officer at headquarters are to return for one year to "active employment", after they have served four years—the only exception to this principle being the Secretary of the Defence Committee, a post to which rumour assigns one of the reformers themselves. Now this plan is easy enough to carry out as regards comparatively junior officers; for they can simply be sent back to their regiments for a year. But what employment, without prejudice to the public service, can possibly be found for generals and colonels which will only last one year? The promotion of officers up to the rank of major is also decentralised, and placed under the various generals, to whom confidential reports are to be sent as well as to the War Office. This alone must entail a large increase of official correspondence; and it is decidedly unfair that a uniform system should not prevail throughout the army, especially when the somewhat dangerous theory of accelerating the promotion of certain officers is generally advocated. The definition of the duties of the new Chief of Staff, under whom are to be grouped three directors, does not call for special comment. The formation of a general staff, after the Continental pattern, is advocated. But this makes little difference to the existing Staff College system; except that one director—who is also responsible for military education



—is somewhat inadequately described as the director of staff duties. Apparently in the passion for decentralisation, mobilisation—the one thing which should be centralised as regards broad policy—is to be removed from the War Office. Yet this was the department which was completely successful during the South African war; and which earned the unstinted praise of the War Commission. It is surely fatuous and retrograde to abolish the one branch of the War Office which is universally admitted to have worked without a hitch during a period of unprecedented stress.

The fundamental basis of the plan of decentralisation is the grouping of all units under brigadiers. Similarly every four regimental districts are to be grouped under one colonel; and at each brigade district headquarters a central pay office is to work out all accounts, and so relieve regimental officers of this responsibility. This plan may no doubt answer well in the navy, where the men are usually quartered within the comparatively narrow confines of a ship. But as applied to soldiers, scattered about in various places, it will inevitably lead to much confusion and endless correspondence, unless the establishment of paymasters is enormously increased. These brigade districts are again grouped into seven administrative districts under major-generals, with London added as a separate one. Their work will comprise mobilisation, barracks, rifle ranges, lands, supply, transport, recruiting, hospitals, stores, posting of officers, and the appointment of adjutants and quartermasters. Above these again there are four general officers commanding-in-chief—one each in Scotland, Ireland, and the East and West of England—who are to be freed in peace-time from administrative work, although in war they will of course have to perform many administrative functions. They are to be the men who would command our armies in the field; and in peace-time they would be responsible for training, war preparations generally except mobilisation, discipline, and the supervision only of the administrative major-generals. Now at first sight it seems sound to divorce thus arbitrarily executive and administrative functions. But in practice this will not be easy; since it is exceedingly difficult to define exactly where administration ends and execution begins. Thus in decentralising mobilisation, the Committee have placed it under the administrative generals. Yet mobilisation is of all things connected with war and war alone; in that case it should have been placed under the commanders-in-chief, who are responsible for war preparations. We are not told whether the major-generals are to communicate direct with the War Office, or through the commanders-in-chief, which is an important point. For if through the latter, then these also must have administrative staffs, and so nothing will be gained. Greater readiness for war and less disorganisation when war has begun are claimed for this plan. But unless there are to be two sets of brigadiers, one for the actual brigades and one for the brigade districts, about forty in all, great confusion must ensue on mobilisation. It is also claimed that the scheme will cause no extra expense: but the Committee are so discreetly vague as to the financial effect of their proposals that their statements in this connexion are of little value. Outside the territorial organisation stand Aldershot and Salisbury, joined together to furnish one army corps. But all this is again very retrograde. What are our other troops kept for? It has been laid down by the Prime Minister as Chairman of the Defence Committee, that three army corps may be needed for oversea purposes. Yet the Committee tell us that "in no reasonably probable circumstances" could more than one army corps be required or used as such. But even granting that this is so, the division, being the smallest unit which contains all three arms, would certainly be used. So on the outbreak of war, these would have to be organised on the spur of the moment—no staff, no cohesion, and all units strangers to each other and their commander. We have every sympathy with the idea of instituting real decentralisation, for which we have often clamoured in the pages of this REVIEW. But no impartial observer, who understands the subject, can fail to admit that the army corps scheme bore a very much nearer resemblance to war than the present plan, which is

essentially a peace one, or that it was much more simple, and that under it everything which is now advocated could be more easily accomplished. It is almost laughable to be told that for administrative purposes Aldershot and Salisbury are to be placed under the general commanding the South-Eastern district, presumably sitting at Dover Castle! We should like to know who is to be in charge of coast and river defences, fortresses and home defence generally, points which the Committee have completely ignored. Presumably it must be the commanders-in-chief, since the major-generals are only administrators, and such work could not possibly come within their province. But if the former, what will happen when they go abroad to take the field?

Like other institutions the financial department at the War Office has been altogether revolutionised; and the financial chiefs dealt with in the same drastic manner as the military. The new plan is that soldiers should be responsible for their own financial affairs; and allowed the same say in spending money in peace-time, as inevitably they must have in war. All this is very sound; and when officers have been trained to take this responsibility, there is no doubt that the change will be economical. But this will certainly take time. The Committee roundly abuse the work of the present financial branch, but they are by no means so black as they have been painted. It is true that they are not really financial experts, and that they are sometimes inclined to meddle too freely in military matters. Still generally they do their work well: and, as an outpost of the Treasury, they exercise considerable influence with it. The Treasury is the real master of the British army, but the Committee have not had the courage to tackle it; yet with the Treasury as it is, all ideas of getting rid of civilian control in the army are absolutely futile. Moreover we fear that the Treasury is likely to look somewhat askance on decentralised military finance managed by officers and civilians, and in the result become more obstructive than ever.

#### AFTER SIR WILLIAM.

WHEN a public man, who was also a very familiar and predominant figure, drops out, one feels how true it is that a man is more than his views. It is well indeed that it is so, or most men would not be much. We have never pretended any admiration for Sir William Harcourt's statesmanship or regard for his successive political enthusiasms. His Protestantism affects us as much, and as little, as his Pro-Boerism. But now that his political retirement is within sight, we confess to a very sincere feeling of the loss it will mean to the Parliamentary world, for Sir William in the House, if not always a persona grata, was always a persona. On the Liberal side he is certainly the greatest Parliamentarian since Gladstone, and perhaps alone since Gladstone has been able to carry off the grand style. Mr. Asquith affects it, and not unsuccessfully, but Sir William Harcourt has not needed to affect it. Mr. Asquith affects a style to give weight to sincere convictions, Sir William had to affect convictions to give scope to a great style. The style was the man. And all sides in politics, if we mistake not, will admit that they cannot do without it. Without Sir William it will hardly be the House of Commons at all.

Nor in anything is the greater significance of a man than his opinions more plainly shown than in party calculation. Sir William's retirement is politically important mainly because it settles the question whether he will be in the next Radical Government or not. One factor in the situation is now eliminated. We know, of course, that it has for some time been generally believed that Sir William Harcourt would not be in the next Cabinet, whether his own group, the Liberal Centre, or the Imperialists prevailed. But it was not certain and Sir William Harcourt's parliamentary position was such that, while there was even a remote chance of his joining the next Cabinet, his influence could not be disregarded. As it is, his retirement seems at first sight to leave the way clear for the Imperialists and Lord Rosebery; which perhaps explains the jubilant note of the Liberal League banquet on Monday. Certainly

the balance of ability and influence is with them. On their side, there is Lord Rosebery himself, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Lawson Walton; to put against them Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has himself, Lord Spencer, Sir Robert Reid, and Mr. Lloyd-George. Even throwing in Mr. Morley, whose service in any Ministry is doubtful, the balance is not redressed; and Sir Charles Dilke must be regarded as a private member still. There can be no question that with the country at large the Imperialist group has much the more weight of the two. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the man in possession, he holds the party strings, he has the organisation behind him and so has the whip-hand of the Liberal rank and file who understand a Liberal party with its official leaders and nothing else. Then Mr. Lloyd-George is a smarter political intriguer than any of the Imperialists, though they include some good specimens of that sort.

But, doubtless, we ought to understand by now that all these calculations have a merely academic interest; they are no more than curious inquiry into a remote past, a phase in the evolution of Liberalism which the new order has left far behind. The Liberal varieties we have been enumerating have all died out, superseded by one pure Liberal type, surviving as the fittest species. The Imperialist is as extinct as the ichthyosaur, the pro-Boer as the dodo. Henceforth we are to know only Liberals. We understand all that, we have read all the Liberal League speeches; we appreciate Lord Rosebery's self-congratulation on the completion of the evolution of the Liberal party, an evolution he seems to regard himself as having set in motion and crowned in his own person. But we notice certain phenomena which do not seem to agree with this theory. Why does Lord Rosebery sit on the cross-benches in the House of Lords? If the Liberal party is now one and indivisible, Lord Rosebery must be a loyal follower of Lord Spencer, the official Liberal leader in the Lords. Then why does he not sit on the front Opposition bench? Why does he not openly support Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as Mr. Gladstone, when in retirement from the leadership, supported Lord Hartington and Lord Kimberley? Neither does Lord Rosebery take the same line in policy as the C.-B. or Radical group. The other day he flatly repudiated Lord Ripon's view of the Government policy in Tibet; he has taken no part in the agitation against Chinese labour for the Transvaal; nor at the Liberal League dinner had he anything to say about education. Indeed it is now doubtful whether Lord Rosebery can be in the next Liberal Cabinet at all. It is not at all certain that the Radicals would accept him as Prime Minister; and it is not very easy for an ex-Premier to take any other position. There is precedent for such a course it is true. Lord John Russell took office under Palmerston, after being Prime Minister: but whether Lord Rosebery would care to tread in his steps is very doubtful. On the other hand it will hardly make for harmony if Lord Rosebery becomes Premier at the price of Mr. Lloyd-George's ostracism. If Lord Rosebery is not in the next Liberal Cabinet, it is likely Lord Spencer will be Prime Minister, and, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman taking a peerage, Mr. Asquith would lead the House of Commons. The talk about the Duke of Devonshire being Prime Minister, leading a coalition of Liberal Imperialists, Radicals, and Free Fooders, may be dismissed as absurd.

However these things may be, we do not quite see a comfortable career before the next Liberal Ministry whoever is Prime Minister. Liberals may have got together for the moment by sinking everything except the fiscal issue; but for Free Traders that is a pure negation. It is easy to agree on a negative, but you cannot live on it. Even the most dangerous desperadoes are able to unite in the pursuit of booty, but they promptly fall out in its division. The Liberal Government will not be able to subsist on pious resolutions declaring the beauty of Free Imports. They will have to do something. If they have a working majority of Liberals over all other parties, they will, of course, be able to carry on. But that involves a greater transference of seats than any calculation makes probable. If they have not an absolute majority, they

cannot last beyond a very short time. The Free-Trade Unionist factor in their majority would upset them on an education bill, possibly on a trade-union bill, certainly on any measure of disestablishment. More deadly still will be the Home Rule difficulty. They cannot unite Free-Trade Unionists and Irish Nationalists on that basis. Liberals desire nothing so little as to raise Home Rule in any form; they mean, at any rate Liberal Imperialists mean, to have nothing to do with Home Rule; but in that case it strikes us that the Irish Nationalists will have very little to do with them. And the Irish members may be trusted to leave the Government very few opportunities of keeping their sentiments on Home Rule to themselves. If the Liberal Government declines Home Rule, it will have to shed some of the most distinguished members of the party, including Mr. Morley, and will promptly be turned out on some other division by a junction of Nationalists with Conservatives. If it decides in favour of Home Rule, it will have to bring in a Bill, which will sterilise legislation, be defeated in the Lords, and alienate the great bulk of the English people again. On the whole, should the Opposition win the next election, Mr. Balfour and his colleagues may look forward to a holiday full of amusement.

#### EMPIRE BY SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

LORD ROSEBERY, at the Liberal League Dinner, Lord Hugh Cecil at Wilmslow and Mr. Haldane at the Westminster Palace Hotel have all arrived at the same conclusion about the British Empire. This is that there is nothing more to be done for it than just to await events and see what will happen. It may spontaneously disintegrate or it may spontaneously develop, but we can only stand outside the process and exercise no effect on it or control it in any way. Lord Hugh Cecil seems satisfied with the result so far, and thinks debating colonial preferences is quite superfluous because no urgent remedy for colonial disloyalty is called for; the Empire being immeasurably more united than it was fifty years ago. And yet this has come about just because the policy of fifty years ago, the policy of spontaneous disintegration, has been gradually superseded by one which actively and consciously endeavours to bind the separate parts into an homogeneous whole. The proposal for colonial preferences is the latest, as it is the widest and most far-reaching, plan inspired by the ideas not of fifty years ago but by a more recent phase of thought, during which the integration and not the disintegration of the Empire has possessed the political imagination. That is to say the desire for unity has grown up; and when that has taken place amongst a group of communities, their statesmen must be mere bunglers if they have not sufficient skill to make a closely connected and formally constituted Empire or State out of them. The policy of preferences is a tentative effort in that direction; and it has at least this to be said for it, that it has the support of a large party here, and that in the colonies there is a general desire to see what can be made of it. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Haldane propose to create or preserve the Empire by a metaphor. "What is required is this", says Lord Rosebery, "to purify the heart and the centre, that the limbs may be proud to belong to the centre and may drive blood and nervous energy to the heart". In the use of mere language Lord Rosebery is not usually so obscure as this. It may be observed that the limbs do not drive blood to the heart: the contrary is the usual operation. But, though we see what he means, as a policy it could hardly be mentioned in a speech from the Throne as was the preferential policy in Melbourne on Wednesday at the opening of the Federal Parliament of Australia. If the Australians had treated their problem of federation as Lord Rosebery asks us to treat that of federating the Empire, there would not be an Australian Commonwealth at this moment. To quote him again: "What is wanted for the Empire is not a central body perpetually wrangling and bargaining with the outskirts and the limbs on tottering questions of tariff." He is very rhetorical and very anatomical; but



again it is precisely this kind of wrangling with the limbs of tariffs and other outskirts of equally troublesome questions that a central body in Australia is now undertaking very successfully. Most of the arguments directed against the attempt to federate the Empire by a preferential policy were equally applicable against the federation of the Australian Commonwealth.

All these arguments of Lord Rosebery Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Haldane might do very well when it was not the object of any school of politicians to integrate the Empire. They are the arguments of fifty years ago when disloyalty and not loyalty was the tone of the colonies. They have become inappropriate with the altered circumstances. When at an earlier date than fifty years ago we had the notion of a consolidated Empire we governed it by a fiscal policy of the most definite character. A fiscal policy is indeed the primary element of unity in an empire. If the colonies resented the particular fiscal treatment of England then, it is nothing to the purpose in hand now. We governed then *de haut en bas*: now the colonies and ourselves would unite on a system approved by both; and our union with them would be as free and independent as the fiscal arrangements made between England and Scotland. Did these not produce immense friction between the two countries? was either country satisfied with the trade bargain that had been made? There were as many "tottering questions" of tariffs about a penny here or a halfpenny there as Lord Rosebery foretells there would be under a preferential policy between us and the colonies. But the preferential policy is not supposed to be the inauguration of the millennium. It is only the proposal of such a step as England and Scotland took, as Australia took and Germany. After all any group of countries that wish to draw nearer to each other must take it in some similar form. Countries bent on union have only dwelt on the difficulties of method with the object of overcoming them. Lord Rosebery and his friends dwell on them as an excuse for inaction. They profess to believe that the non-contiguity of the British dominion is an insuperable obstacle. We do not know that we would go so far as Mr. Hewins in his lecture the other night and say that this is a positive advantage; but there is nothing in what Lord Rosebery says but would be equally valid or invalid if all the colonies and Great Britain could be enclosed in a ring fence and march together as England and Scotland do. He is in reality arguing for small independent nationalities, and assuming that if they are healthy they will be centrifugal and not centripetal.

The obstacles to union that arise from the difference of fiscal systems are neither greater nor less whether the separate countries are contiguous or scattered. The real question is whether as a preliminary to closer political union it has not always been found that the countries with this tendency have taken the first steps by means of commercial arrangements. There is no case where they have not; just as there has been no instance where the specific terms were absolutely satisfactory to both parties. The bargain has to be made tentatively and to proceed by stages; the system approaching the form it will ultimately take as the parties to it find the pressure of the desire of union becoming stronger. Opposition to the preferential policy really arises from adherence to the economic doctrine of free trade, and not from any solid reasons against it as a political instrument for establishing a closer connexion with the colonies. Free Traders will not, they say with Lord Rosebery, attempt to maintain the Empire on the empty stomachs of a starving people. That of course is only a picturesquely exaggerated way of advocating free trade, and if it were even remotely true it would conclude the whole subject. But the preferential policy can be justified on the economic side as truly, if not so obviously, as on the political. It rests on such economic arguments and facts as Mr. Hewins has been dealing with in his lectures; in which a wider view of the remote consequences of our actual fiscal system is presented than free traders care to consider. At any rate, neither politically nor economically can a case be made out for inaction and leaving things as they are.

## SCHOOLS AND THE CLAIMS OF CONSCIENCE.

THE London County Council election, with its special interests for Churchmen, foreshadows the greater contest, now not far distant, when the whole question of religious teaching in the schools will be put in issue. While certain nonconformists have been making themselves specially objectionable in regard to last year's Act Churchmen on their side have had their own reasons for better-founded dissatisfaction with it. So far from Churchmen being jubilant, as nonconformists seem to suppose, they see that their schools have been deprived of the characteristics for which they are maintained by means of the secular management which has been imposed on them. When a Radical Government comes into power its first operation will be the introduction of a Bill to complete this secularising of denominational schools. Under certain conditions we should prefer this prospect to the actual situation. These conditions are that religious denominational teaching in the schools shall be made a reality; and that the various denominations shall have the right to educate their own children in the doctrinal religion of their parents. This is the only escape, the only satisfactory alternative to the complete secularisation of the schools. We do not believe in the possibility that this secularising policy has a chance with the English people in the existing state of feeling on matters of religion. They will seek a compromise intended to deal fairly with all forms of religion, not by the exclusion but the inclusion of all. It is unthinkable that the State should attempt to solve the religious problem by adopting permanently an attitude of negation towards all religious education. The only possible course will be to find a method by which all denominations may be admitted into the State schools on the basis not of negation but the affirmation of equal religious rights. It has been customary to object that there are too many practical difficulties in the way of realising this principle in practice. The difficulties have been purposely exaggerated by those who dislike the principle and hate any approach to its realisation. Questions of school administration are certainly very perplexing to most people owing to their not being familiar with the red tape of the system. The nonconformist zealot who wishes to perpetuate the type of school which embodies his pet ideas, the school of the Cowper-Temple clause and desiccated religion, can easily persuade them that the plan of each denomination giving its own religious teaching in the schools is chimerical. The impression thus produced on the minds of the inexpert is so prejudicial to the acceptance of the only admissible solution of the religious difficulty that a recent report of the House of Laymen for the Province of Canterbury ought to be widely circulated. It shows by actual instances that the proposed plan is not only a proposition of theory, but is actually already realised, as part of a State system.

We say State system because it is already in existence in the army and navy, in State prisons, and in all cases where the State has directly to assume the care and control of the education of children, as in the instance we shall discuss more fully below, the Drury Lane Industrial School, which furnishes an exact parallel and example for the future treatment of the religious teaching difficulty in the schools at large. What is proposed would be the complement of what already exists; and we only wonder that the fanatical nonconformist has not already taken arms against such serious encroachments on his cherished belief in diluted religious education. The Birmingham School Board have for a number of years allowed certain of their schools to be used for the purpose of experiment by the Church Committee for Religious Instruction in Board Schools. It has been carried on with considerable success; but its chief value consists in the revelation of defects inherent in voluntary efforts made in the absence of recognition under the law. Instead of the Church Committee's voluntary teachers instructing the children of parents of their own creed, the children of different creeds were all mixed together. Should any other denomination hire a school the same result would follow. So that the first point is the distinct allocation

of the children to teachers of their own denomination. Another difficulty has been experienced which shows that, unless in exceptional circumstances, voluntary teachers outside the school staff cannot be relied on or be so satisfactory as the regularly trained teachers of the staff. The School Board until 1900 refused to allow its regular teachers to take part in voluntary religious instruction. In that year it revoked its prohibition and the scheme gained by it; but in the following year the new Board began to discourage the entire scheme; and in 1906 the facilities hitherto granted will come to an end by caprice because they are not secured by law. The second point therefore necessary for success is that the teachers of each denomination should be available for giving religious instruction to the children whose parents profess the tenets of that denomination. The number required could only be ascertained by a census of the children; and the appointment of teachers ought in strict principle to be in such proportion as would correspond to the denominational requirements. This however need not be insisted on and the Birmingham experiment proves that voluntary organisation can overcome this difficulty and secure the essential point of religious instruction satisfactory to parents professing denominational creeds.

The Drury Lane Day Industrial School, in Goldsmith Street, which will be under the management of the London County Council, is a working model of what the elementary school of the future should be to satisfy the just demands of denominationalists. There are a hundred and twenty boys and girls in it, eighty Church of England, thirty Roman Catholics, a few Wesleyans, and one Jew. The School Board appointed two Church teachers and one Roman Catholic teacher under the direction of "the ministers of religious persuasion" recognised by the Board, which supplies the necessary books and catechisms. The Wesleyan children attend the Scripture lessons of the Church teachers; but are taught their own creed by a voluntary teacher—a lady; and the Jew teacher comes to look after the one Jew. The Committee report: "The division of the children for the purpose of religious instruction does not appear in any way to affect the discipline or working of the school, and we have never come across a better system of religious teaching than this, which in theory is sensible and just, which in practice appears to satisfy all parties, and which moreover has now stood the test of eight years." What we find here is a creed register, a recognition of the consciences of parents, and no attempt to impose a common religion on all alike. In Birmingham the legal conditions make denominational teaching difficult: here the legal conditions make such teaching easy. The possibility of the extension of this latter scheme on a large scale is vital to denominationalists and to Churchmen especially. Provision cannot be made for their children in London or other large towns in Church schools; and as we have pointed out the danger of secularising the schools where the greater number of Church children are educated is imminent. Many of the bitterest exponents of the doctrine of undenominationalists are the most forward in vaunting the system of secular education in Germany; and they may be reminded that in Germany the religious difficulty is met by a system which has the closest resemblance to that of Drury Lane. There is popular control but there is also what we may be allowed to call Drury-Laneism. Moreover in Germany they do not set any kind of teacher to give religious teaching: they are not wildly excited about "religious tests" for teachers; "though all teachers are public servants, their creed as well as that of the parents is registered, and they are allotted to the public schools to suit the parental demand." The Board of Education in one of its reports says, speaking of the Rhineland, "We found a novel and to us surprising method of solving the difficulty. Under one roof and in the same block, with separate teachers and text-books, were two complete and independent schools one a seven-class Protestant, and the other a fourteen-class Catholic school, living in peace and concord with one another." Do bigotry and fanaticism make a similar solution for England impossible; or can we with all our talk of

liberty construct no *via media*, but must still shriek that we have no rights if we are not allowed to deprive our neighbours of theirs?

#### A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON.

HEADMASTER, REV. C. W. BOURNE M.A.;  
APPOINTED 1889.

TO the problem of boarding-school versus day-school we have more than once adverted in these articles on the public schools; it is a problem which will arouse more and more attention as time goes on. Thring accepted it as a final factor in the problem of English upper-class education that the English parent prefers to send his boys away to school: the conscientious parent honestly hopes his boys will develop better away from home, the lazy parent is sure they will. The strong feeling in favour of the boarding-school is deep-rooted in many considerations, educational, physical, social: the average parent would sum them up by saying—I don't want my boy to be a muff. I know he will be if he does not go away to school. Of all the reasons which support this preference, the physical is at once the most intelligible and the most persistent. It has stimulated within recent years the great exodus of all or nearly all the London schools: Charterhouse and Christ's Hospital have boldly gone in for absolute rusticity. S. Paul's has made a compromise and retreated near to the river at Hammersmith. The City of London has at any rate emerged from Cheapside on to the Embankment. Westminster and Merchant Taylors' alone remain anchored to the old buildings and the old ground: and signs are not wanting that the parent prefers the policy of the schools which retreat to that of those which do not. Town conditions are not ideal for growing boys: and if the school is in the country, it almost of necessity becomes a boarding school. We are not blind for a minute to the advantages the latter affords apart from any question of growth of bone and sinew: and especially on the side of moral development in self-reliance, initiative, capacity to take responsibility, the boarding school can make the strongest case. But the sacrifice of the home interest is forgotten, an interest which in the best homes is, without any undue forcing or pressure, always exercised in favour of the best development, and especially the best intellectual development; the code of schoolboy public opinion requires success in games, a requirement which curiously enough is often even more rigorously enforced by the under-masters than the boys. The British father may be glad to hear his son is in the eleven, but he certainly will not jeer at him for being a "swot" or steal his books to prevent him working, a thing that happens in public school life. Those schools which have boldly recognised the value of this home influence and determined to retain it are met with the difficulty of the unhealthiness of town life: to solve the difficulty, to remain sufficiently near a large centre of population to draw on a wide circle of homes of the best class, and at the same time to retire sufficiently far from that very centre to secure physical well-being, manifestly requires tact and management.

King's College was founded in 1829 by Royal Charter of King George IV. and King's College School, part of the same foundation and under the same council, was founded at the same time and was built and opened in 1831. Till 1897 it shared the same premises and was carried on at King's College in the Strand. Though but three-quarters of a century old the school has, probably as the result of that very home influence already referred to, proved the mother of many a distinguished son, especially in the sphere of law: of judges the school can claim the present Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Justice Byrne; well known K.C.s like Mr. Upjohn; or County Court Judges like his honour Judge Bacon, beloved of reporters: and of solicitors Sir Albert Rollit—no mean list. And there are others who are no longer living. Charles Kingsley and his brother Henry,



D. G. Rossetti, Canon Liddon, Lord Esher, all were sons of the school. Of headmasters prior to Mr. Bourne, it has had but three, Major, Maclear and Stokoe, one at any rate a headmaster of very high rank. In 1899 Mr. Bourne was appointed. He at once realised the gravity of the problem suggested above which then faced the school; home life and rural surroundings had somehow to be combined and a tactful compromise was eventually effected; but not till after fifteen years' hard work. The older governors were against the change: the Duke of Cambridge when he opened the new buildings in 1889 frankly confessed that he for one originally had been so opposed to the move; but Mr. Bourne's energy and enthusiasm would move larger things than a school and eventually the change was effected. Wimbledon has a large resident population of the best kind, and it is accessible by many routes from London and regions round and becomes increasingly more so as electric trams develop. As a matter of fact the boys now attend the school from North London to Woking, and in Wimbledon itself rents have risen considerably for houses near the school; while the wide open Common secures abundance of fresh air. Of the success of the change there can be in the headmaster's opinion no question. Starting with 110 boys whom he brought down from the Strand in 1897, the numbers have steadily gone up to 290: and the actual physique and growth of the individual have progressed in like proportion as the aggregate number has mounted. One of the pleasantest features of the changed situation has been the cordial co-operation of the local education authority, the Surrey County Council, and the readiness with which they welcomed the arrival of a highest-grade school of the prestige and position of King's.

The fees charged are not low and vary from seven to ten guineas per term. The school itself presents the usual features of a modern English school of good type: the classics are not neglected. Mr. Bourne who was a second-class classic at Cambridge in the old days, as well as a wrangler, would see to that. As a rule twelve boys or so leave the upper part of the school for the university each year, and any boy leaving from the sixth form usually attains to scholarship standard: but the large majority of the boys go direct into the openings of modern life, medicine, law, engineering or the business of their parents whatever it be. Not unnaturally the result is that the modern side is larger than the classical. And here Mr. Bourne's evidence as to the value of the modern subjects as educational media is of great value: his view is emphatic that provided the more immediate money-grubbing side of these subjects is rigidly excluded, they can be made fully as useful as the Greek or Latin grammar. German for instance must not be taught from the colloquial courier point of view; if studied scientifically, it affords, he thinks, as useful an educative process as Greek. The real difficulties are first of all the teacher, and secondly the teacher's atmosphere. Generally speaking the best teacher of modern languages is an Englishman who for some reason, say, because his father held a chaplaincy on the Continent, has spoken the language he teaches as his home language. Foreigners cannot discipline English boys, while the ordinary English schoolmaster has not skill enough in the language. Mr. Bourne has found just such an exceptional teacher in Mr. Heyer, who has had much experience abroad as a result of the accidents of birth. Having obtained a second class in classics at Cambridge and started ordinary schoolmastering as a teacher of classics, he was "discovered" by Mr. Bourne and utilised for his proper work the teaching of German. With a picked man of this kind, the success of King's College in teaching modern languages, amply attested by the higher Oxford and Cambridge certificate, is second only, if second at all, to that carried on by Mr. Siepmann at Clifton. And then there is the difficulty of the teacher's atmosphere: modern subjects are too new for a standard yet to have been evolved. There is no agreement, such as exists in the classical subjects through the evolution of long experience, either as to the best methods to be employed or the standard to be attained. Mr. Bourne has more than once urged

the Modern Language Association to attempt the solution of these obvious difficulties, but so far without success.

The engineering work in the school also calls for a word of comment, being thorough and up to the best modern standards. The school should continue to make steady regular progress as it has done in the past so long as it has Mr. Bourne's guiding hand to secure the most judicious blending of the older experience with the new methods.

#### LA GUERRE.

TWO or three hundred yards behind me, the fortifications, and that wilderness, the Montsouris Park. Miles away from anywhere; no theatres, no cafés, no automobiles, no cabs. Desolate, this boulevard; depressing, those steep, staring houses; and scarcely Parisian in appearance or movement the passers-by. Now and then a gap: terrain vague. Old, old advertisements on that wall: an auction held on 14 April, 1893, a house to be sold "immediately" in July of the same year, a soap and a perfume produced by the Maison —, which has long since collapsed. Outer Paris, in fact. Obscure, unheard-of Paris, where an expedition to the grands boulevards is regarded as an event and a treat. Let me escape, then, from out of this wilderness. Let me push on rapidly to my dear destination, the ever-amazing Latin Quarter. But let me beware of those occasional mounds of earth, those sudden pits, which the workmen have so calmly abandoned; and also of those little marshes, those miniature lakes. Mist in the air; the gloomiest of afternoons, and nothing to cheer me on the way. Nothing, at least, until I hear a familiar hoarse cry, which grows louder and louder. A camelot, with news. A noisy, unprincipled camelot who would provoke emotion among the innocent inhabitants of the quarter. And he succeeds, he succeeds: to their windows and their doors come men, women, and children, all eager for his paper. "Important telegrams. Capture of a Japanese column. Destruction of Japanese ships." That voice: I know it. That face: I recognise it. Before me, Toto, camelot, late of the grands boulevards: Toto, who prospered so brilliantly at the time of the Dreyfus and Humbert affairs; who displayed such astonishing activity during the South African war; who, upon other occasions, so loyally shouted "Vive l'Armée" at so much an hour. The same old Toto, with the same old paper, which makes a speciality of canards. And Toto recognises me also; Toto grins; Toto tells me he is well, but that, through running and through shouting, he is thirsty. Ah, Toto, you are at it again. You are on the shout, on the run; you are once more agitating and hoaxing innocent, credulous people. Another grin from Toto, then Toto returns to his thirstiness; and so, in a wine-shop, a glass of wine for Toto, and next, from Toto, a blessing upon Russia and Japan for having gone to war. It was not a moment too soon; indeed, Toto could have done with a war three months ago. Think, Toto had nothing, absolutely nothing to cry. On chômait. One was sad, one was also alarmed. What was to become of one? Allez, the situation was grave. Adds Toto, "On ne faisait rien, mais rien". Came the prospect of war. And then how anxious was Toto. To be or not to be? All Toto's attention and interest was centred in the Far East. Perhaps Toto prayed for war; no doubt the payment of Toto's rent depended upon the war. What cruel, harassing moments must Toto have spent pending the negotiations, and —. No matter; let that suspense be forgotten, let only the bright, exhilarating day of the Declaration be remembered, when, before Toto, lay a fortune. And never such a war! "Il y a du tout", says Toto. A war in which an ally is concerned; the seat of the war a long, long way off: Toto has everything in his favour, Toto has never had such luck in his life. Constant startling rumours from Russia, Japan, every country in Europe. Or, rumours failing, a canard. For preference, Russian victories; but now and again, for a change, a Japanese triumph, then—"England prepares for war", as often as you

please. And here Toto goes into raptures over the report of the recall of the Russian Ambassador in London: that night Toto feasted, that night Toto smoked a londrès cigar and went to a music-hall. "But it was time", repeats Toto. "On ne faisait rien, mais rien." To-day, however, no idle moments: one may begin as early as eleven, shout and run until midnight. And all the time, buyers. And when the canard is exceptionally stirring, a charge of two sous. And when only three or four papers remain, then may the price be safely increased to twenty-five centimes. Admirable Russia, excellent Japan, to be at war! Fight on and on, as long as you can. Let columns be captured and ships be sunk; and you, Powers of Europe, come into the fray, and then—O then—our Toto will feast and smoke londrès cigars and visit music-halls every night of the week. "Oh m'attend", says Toto. It is true: on the desolate boulevard one awaits the return of Toto. And out of the wine-shop he hurries, and up the boulevard he runs, and as he runs he rapidly distributes his papers. Gone—out of sight—vanished. But in the distance I hear the faint cry: "Important telegrams. Destruction of Japanese ships. Capture of a Japanese column."

Ah me, this war! As I pass from the wilderness to the blithe land of the students, I constantly hear the words "Russia" and "Japan". In shops, pictures of cannon, ships, soldiers. In the kiosks, more pictures. On every newspaper, the great headline: "La Guerre". An epidemic raging: the war fever. Also, heads being turned over the war: up to the Russian Embassy hurries a light-eyed man, who mutters, who is excited. "Give me", he cries, "an army. The Japanese have arrived, and surrounded my home. Quick, an army. There is not a moment to lose". In the Faubourg Montmartre, another light-eyed man. He is on all fours and he is shouting, "Boum, boum, boum". Says a policeman, "Get up and go home". Replies the light-eyed man, "Take care: I am a cannon. Boum . . . boum . . . boum . . ." And the good students of the Latin Quarter? Garrulous and animated, I suppose; full of odd information and anecdotes, as at the time of the Transvaal War. However, two "originals" missing; no Mère Casimir and no Bibi la Purée. A pity, a pity; for it would be gay to see Bibi once again hawking about his bust, to hear him proclaim that it was for sale and that the proceeds would swell the subscription opened for the Russian wounded; and it would be entertaining to watch old Mère Casimir hop about and sing Béranger ditties in her cracked feeble voice, to hear her vow that she, like her dear friend, Bibi, was also working hard for the Fund. But Paul and Gaston remain, and Mlle. Mimi and Musette remain; and here they are in their favourite café, at their favourite table. Moreover, they are accompanied by three or four débutants, whose advent at the Rive Gauche I recorded a short time ago. War, certainly; but not war in the Far East: war in the Latin Quarter. Says Paul, "They must be driven on the other side of the river". Says Gaston, "Operations will be resumed on Wednesday". Says one of the débutants, "I can bring one or two chairs". A queer campaign, with chairs! But who are the enemy? Well, the enemy are three or four superannuated professors, to whom the sons of hunger have taken a violent objection. They were called upon to leave. When they refused, the students declared war. On the Rive Gauche, a general mobilisation; through the Latin Quarter, a military parade. Into the Taverne Lorraine marched Paul and his staff, and then they drafted a manifesto to the Minister of Public Instruction. When it was realised that his Excellency had determined to ignore the war, out came the chairs. An army of students, and twenty chairs. And the chairs were pulled to pieces, and outside the Sorbonne, and before the homes of the professors, blazed bonfires of chairs; and round the bonfires danced the students, uttering all manner of war-cries, calling upon the professors to come forth and show fight. "A magnificent spectacle", exclaims Paul. "Smoke and din, as in a veritable battle; and the sky red from the fire." "They were admirable chairs", says Mlle. Mimi, "Il vous faut un drapeau". And piously Paul replies, "Your

Paul has thought of that. Your Paul has even seen to that. On Wednesday, your Paul will carry a large black flag". But the débutant would be thanked for having promised the chairs. Again he says, "I can bring even four chairs". And Paul is touched by this sacrifice, this loyalty; Paul beams upon the débutant and replies, "When the history of the Latin Quarter is written by Gaston and by me—a history in five volumes—it shall be recorded that in a moment of great danger, René Collin, of Rouen, displayed true patriotism and gallantry by producing at his own expense and at much personal discomfort no less than four excellent chairs". And René is about to describe his four chairs when Mlle. Mimi exclaims, "Tiens, the Russian hymn!" So, at last, the war; but as the band plays the Russian Anthem, Paul's expression becomes solemn, even grave. "The hymn of our Allies", says Mlle. Mimi. "What", asks Mlle. Musette, "is the hymn of the Japanese?" A solemn Paul, who ignores the question! A grave Paul, who appears to be brooding over some tragic question! At last he speaks: "At the present moment, one must be reserved, correct." No more, no less; and so Mlle. Musette stares, and Mlle. Mimi exclaims, "Paul est malade". In measured tones Paul replies, "At the present moment, one must be reserved, correct". Crushing and awful, that rejoinder. Back to his brooding goes Paul; and René, the débutant, who would increase his reputation for "patriotism" and "gallantry", exclaims, "If necessary, France will aid Russia, her ally". And then—O then—Paul says sternly, "It shall also be recorded in the history of the Latin Quarter by Gaston and by me that René Collin, of Rouen, was once publicly called upon to be reserved and correct". Then, suddenly, "It is true that France and Russia are allied. It is true that Russia is at war with Japan. But it is necessary to be reserved and correct, because we ignore the Treaty we have signed with our allies". Then is Paul hailed as a "diplomat" by Gaston; and then does Mlle. Mimi declare that it is plain that Paul is in the secret of the Treaty. "I have nothing more to add", states Paul solemnly. "The Treaty", cries Mlle. Mimi. "Mimi", replies Paul, "I am surprised. Your Paul beseeches you to be more reserved and more correct". Wrinkled with thought and care is Paul's forehead; is he pondering over the terms of the Treaty, is he trying to determine whether France should come to Russia's help? "Tell us" asks Mlle. Mimi, "about Japan. That, anyhow, will not be betraying the secret professionnel. M. Delcassé cannot object to that". "Mimi", answers Paul, "politics are for men. Geography, however, may be acquired by women. Japan is near China. Japan is several islands, like the Ile de Paris, approached by boats, by gondolas, as in Venice, which is in Italy. The Japanese are yellow, like the Chinese. They have no fear of death; when they are disgraced they fall upon a sword, an Eastern custom. They have temples and pagodas and bazaars, like all Eastern people. It takes one all one's life to learn Japanese. No one is in a hurry in Japan: a play in a Japanese theatre lasts a week, and dinner at the Palace lasts all night. Historians and travellers tell us they are an intelligent people. Now, Mimi, you know Japan". But Mlle. Mimi would also know about Russia, and a country which "the newspapers call Corea". "You have seen the Tsar and Tsarina"; replies Paul, "and it is only necessary to say that Corea is another Japan. The same mœurs, and the same temples and pagodas. Now, Mimi, you know Corea". "It is plain," says Mlle. Mimi, "that you know the Treaty, and it is also plain that you are either mad or ill. Let us go". And Paul laughs shortly. And Paul looks mysterious. And Paul says comiseratingly, "Ah, les femmes! They would know everything. But Paul is stronger than they; yes, Paul can be reserved and correct". Then, out on to the Boul' Mich', en route for the Bal Bullier. "La Guerre", shout the camelots. "La Guerre", say the headlines of the papers in the kiosks, "Vive la Russie!" shouts a tipsy fellow, waving his arms. Whereupon Paul solemnly observes, "There, Mimi dear, is one who is neither reserved nor correct. Admire, therefore, your Paul, and—"  
"Vive la



Paix!" cries a student. "That," says Paul, "is scarcely reserved; but, Mimi dear, it is correct".

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

### IZAACK WALTON AND HIS FRIENDS.<sup>1</sup>

SOMEWHERE in one of his writings Bacon appears to forecast the discovery of a system of wireless telegraphy; it is some years since I saw the passage and subsequent search for it has been fruitless, but it was to the effect that it might become possible for a man in England to communicate with one in the middle of China instantly and without visible means of doing so. It is curious and interesting to find that Izaak Walton also refers to what one may call the basis of wireless telegraphy, the sympathy of two electrical instruments which are in accord one with the other. Walton tells us that one day when in Paris Sir Robert Drury found his friend Donne in a curiously perplexed state and it was only after some time that Donne said "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you, I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms". To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake". To which Mr. Donne's reply was "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you" (they had only parted for half an hour) "and I am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished". Walton adds that "rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion next day" and Sir Robert Drury became so much interested that he sent a servant over to London to his house in Drury Lane, where Mrs. Donne was staying, to make inquiries about her health. In twelve days' time—there was no wire, or wireless telegraphy or anything faster than a coach in those days—the servant returned with the news that Mrs. Donne was very ill, and had been delivered of a dead child "on the day and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him". Donne's strange vision has often been referred to but Walton's interesting comment on it is very little known; it is well worth quoting as a specimen of the admirably simple, clear and sweet style of his "Lives".

"This", he says, "is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased; and though it is most certain that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider: many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both S. Austin and Monica his mother had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story, that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death (whether really or not, I undertake not to determine); and Bildad, in the book of Job, says these words—'A spirit passed before my face, the hair of my head stood up, fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake'. Upon which words", says Walton, "I will make no comment".

Although he does not say so, it is abundantly clear that Walton firmly believed that "there is such a thing as sympathy of souls", and if every other proof of it were wanting, his writings and the "troops of friends" he made would suffice to show it. There are few things more interesting in literary history than the sympathy which Walton evokes in readers of the most

varied temperaments, souls which care nought about angling have for hundreds of years found, as he quaintly puts it, a "faint audible harmony" answering some tune unconsciously set by him. It would indeed be an easy matter to fill pages with praise of Walton from the pens of many of the best writers from his day to ours. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a great admirer of Walton and intended to have written his Life, and it is one of the common errors of the age to suppose that the great Doctor ever wrote a word against angling or anglers.

Almost every year sees a new edition of Walton's "Anglers" or a re-issue of some old edition; it might indeed be well to warn publishers that there are far too many now in print to make further issues profitable. Five were published during his lifetime; of these a good copy of the first is worth five hundred pounds, and the second is said to be rarer than the first, though not of course so valuable. The author made many changes and additions, which are all carefully noted in the best of all modern editions, that edited by Sir Harris Nicolas.

Since Mr. Martin's book<sup>1</sup> was published yet another edition of the "Compleat Angler" has appeared.<sup>2</sup> Although it does not bear his name on the title-page, a note on the back of it tells us that it is "based" mainly on Major's 1824 edition, which though not of course Major's best is one every collector is glad to possess. Major says in one place "I had long been asking myself, in the language of Abraham Cowley, 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' and my good genius whispered 'Give your days and nights to emblazon the work of Izaak Walton'". I fear that Major would not feel altogether flattered by this latest of the many copies of his charming edition, for the reproductions of the text illustrations are far behind the originals, the full pages are much better. It is a little difficult to understand why Messrs. Methuen did not reproduce the 1844 edition of Major, which is admittedly the finest of all the smaller editions, and in every way superior to that of 1824.

Of books about Walton there are but few; the most recent is one of pleasant gossip well worth a place on the Waltonian's shelf, entitled "Walton and his Friends" by Mr. Stapleton Martin,<sup>1</sup> who tells us in his preface that it was "written chiefly with a view to bring out the spiritual side of Walton's character. I cannot find that anyone before me has attempted to do this". It was a perfectly unnecessary attempt in any case, for surely never did a man's spiritual character shine out more clearly from every page of his writings than Walton's. As one writer has well said of his "Lives", "They tend to illustrate the character of their author, which is almost as much developed as that of the person of whom he speaks; and the mind must be formed of the most unenviable elements which can refrain from reverencing the goodness of heart, unaffected piety, and tranquility of soul, which it proves him to have possessed. That Walton obeyed the divine precept of 'living in charity with all men' is established beyond all controversy by each of his works". That Mr. Martin's attempt was unnecessary he evidently soon found out for he wisely devotes but a few pages to "Walton as the religious man", in which there is nothing new; it is indeed almost as hopeless to find anything new about Walton as about Shakespeare. Mr. Martin's book will be of value chiefly to those who wish to have in one volume "concise biographical sketches" of the famous ecclesiastics who were Walton's friends; the quotations he gives from the "Lives" and his account of "The Compleat Angler", and of Walton as an angler, contain many interesting touches which may well serve their purpose, which is so to "enamour the reader that he may for himself 'rummage' Walton's writings". Although he may not agree with all his conclusions the Waltonian will appreciate the fact that Mr. Martin's work is evidently a labour of love, and will thank him also for some well-reproduced illustrations of Walton and his friends and of Waltonian memorials.

R. B. MARSTON.

<sup>1</sup> "Izaak Walton and his Friends." By Stapleton Martin. London: Chapman and Hall. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

<sup>2</sup> "The Compleat Angler." By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. London: Methuen. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

## THE LAST OF THE ROAD.—I.

I AM old enough to have seen the last of the road before it was superseded by the rail. The coaches were still running in Scotland and in counties to the north of the Tyne when the great trunk lines were being opened in England. It was a memorable journey when I posted in childhood from Aberdeen to Edinburgh. I remember the old chariot painted in yellow picked out with black, and still possess the imperials that were strapped on the roof and the great triangular bonnet case in black leather which fitted in beneath the dickie. Of solid material, all are as serviceable now as when they were turned out with the chariot by the firm in Long Acre. The imperials were left on the roof till the journey was over, for all the posting inns advertised lock-up coach-houses. The chariot was the respectable family vehicle, as opposed to the light britska affected by gay bachelors. Inside there was roomy accommodation for two, with a small party like myself sitting bodkin. There was a box convenient under the cushions; there was a "sword case", suggestive of the days of the highwaymen, where you could stow away sticks and umbrellas; there were straps on the roof for suspending hats, &c., and there were capacious pockets on the doors and in front, which bulged with bottles and packets of sandwiches. Light as it was, in comparison with the coaches, it was a lumbering vehicle and set on high springs. A flight of steps was let down, and the landlords showed their gallantry by guarding the dresses of ladies from the wheel. In the spacious rumble behind, the man and maid made themselves as comfortable as might be, and there was the dickie in front, on which the insiders could seat themselves, when the weather was fine and they were in love with the scenery. When posting with a pair over heavy roads it was rather cruel work for overtaken cattle, and there was more than one long stage, as I recollect, where we travelled en seigneur with four horses. At notable hotels, as in Perth, where you are expected to break the journey, the arrival was heralded by the cracking of whips: the ostlers came rushing up the yard, the waiters appeared with napkins over their arms, and behind the bowing landlord the smart chambermaid with face wreathed in smiles was ready to show the lady to her room. I know, whether it was the George or the Salutation, that the Perth dinner after the tedious drive seemed to me the very ideal of luxury, when the landlord followed the soup tureen into the well-warmed room and lifted the silver cover with a flourish of his arm. It was a long drop from the private chariot to the hired post-chaise. I fancy I saw the post-chaise at its worst, for with the shadow of the steam-engine falling over the roads, it seemed not worth while to renew them, and they would hardly bear patching up. They were generally chartered then for short distances and single stages. One breakdown I remember of a ramshackle affair between Killin and Dalmally, where we were literally landed in a ditch, and had to take refuge from the downpour in a cottage. Fortunately there was a "smithy" not far off, and the smith succeeded in repairing damages, so that we were quit for a few hours' delay. How the axles used to creak and the cracked windows to rattle! The post-boys, as they were facetiously styled, were for the most part antique survivals of the fittest: weather-beaten old men, grumpy of speech, and small blame to them. Bleached by exposure like the scarlet of their jackets, they plied their rusty spurs at the hills as if they had S. Vitus' dance in the legs, and strained their lean wrists at the descents in holding up their hard-mouthed horses. I have seen them helped out of the saddle at the end of a watery stage, when the ostler who rubbed them down with a wisp of straw, in the steam of the jaded horses, might have claimed the medal of the Humane Society as one of the fraternity remarked in "Pickwick".

But if the post-chaise was verging towards decrepitude, the last of the stage coaches were then in their glory. Except possibly at Chester, no town in the kingdom could make such a show as Aberdeen. At three in the afternoon groups gathered before the Royal Hotel to see half a dozen coaches or more draw up

before the door. The mails, of course, timed everywhere to the minute, were specially well-horsed and appointed. The burly guards in their gold-laced scarlet made a grand show, and as they climbed to their tripods, when the coachman had gathered up the reins and the helpers had swept the cloths from the horses, they woke the echoes of the street with music more or less melodious. Some contented themselves with a simple performance on the "yard and a half of tin": others with a finer ear for symphonies played popular airs on the key-bugle. When the last mail-bag had come round the corner from the post-office all the teams were away to the chime of the clock. The mails were excellently horsed, but they were surpassed by the Southern Defiance. It was owned and horsed by Captain Barclay of Ury and Mr. Watson of Keiller. In spite of more hilly roads and inferior horse provender, it rivalled the Shrewsbury Wonder or the Deyonport Quicksilver. Moreover there was less limit as to luggage than on the mails. Yet summer and winter, including stoppages for meals and the passage of a ferry with a change of coaches, it punctually did its ten miles an hour. Lavishly horsed as it was, the wear and tear of horseflesh was considerable. Naturally in those juvenile days I made no pretension to the box seat. But I had generally a seat immediately behind, for I had been consigned to the care of guards and coachmen by a relative—a great ally of Barclay's—mentioned in Nimrod's "Northern Tour" as having sold a Tilbury horse to Lord Rodney for the unprecedented price of 700 guineas. It was glory to travel by the Defiance, but the drawback was the early start. A few minutes before five, you were stretching yourself on the pavement before the Royal, having swallowed some boiling coffee and carrying a crust in your hand. "Up you get", said the friendly guard, and there you were with a tight greatcoat and a flimsy plaid to wrap round your legs. The first two stages were about the bleakest drive in bleak northern Scotland with nothing between the outsides and the North Pole. With a brilliant dawn there are magnificent sea-views, but we thought of nothing but the breakfast awaiting us at the Mill Inn in Stonehaven. Regularly as the coach pulled up at seven, "the Captain" was to be seen on the steps. He was always there to inspect his teams and he dined early on purpose to meet his down coach. What he looked for was horses that would go the pace: and his coachmen were selected for his own qualities—strong arms, cool judgment and iron nerve. If any of the country gentlemen had a vicious rogue of blood and substance, he was passed on to the Defiance and soon brought to his bearings. I remember a changing place at the North Esk, with an awkward slope to an ugly bridge, and there by some fatality we often had trouble. One time our leaders were a kicker and a bolter: one was tearing at the traces while the other was lashing out over the bars. On another occasion there would be a sullen brute who threw himself down and could only be persuaded to get up by firing an armful of straw under him. By that time his three yoke-fellows were all on end like so many unicorns rampant. It amazes me now that coaches so seldom came to grief and that smashes or capsizes were not far more frequent. Another coach I travelled on was the Chevy Chase, traversing the romantic Border country from Edinburgh to Newcastle. It was chock full of Cockney tourists, and we saw little of the scenery, for we were wrapped in mists and the ladies would keep up their umbrellas. Those umbrellas were invariably a nuisance. They got into the eyes; they guided the drip down your coat-collar, and it was with malicious satisfaction you welcomed the gust which turned them inside out or sent them drifting down the wind like parachutes.

Serious accidents to the coach were comparatively rare, but drowsiness was a danger difficult to guard against. The passengers on the outside of the benches behind the coachman or facing the guard were hanging between earth and heaven. One foot was on the footboard, the other generally dangling in space. Even when wide awake, a lurch might prove awkward, and there were sharp corners from the narrow



high street into many a market place, where the top-heavy vehicle took a perilous swing. When you began to nod towards nightfall, or dropped into a snooze in the small hours, you were sitting in the very shadow of Death, unless fortunate in a wakeful neighbour. One heard of it when a whole coach load came to grief, but I have reason to believe there were many single catastrophes which were hushed up and never reported. On the box you were better off, for you were under the care of the coachman. In later days when going north for salmon fishing or grouse shooting, travelling outside through the night from Aberdeen, I used to catch the northern mail at Inverness for Dingwall or Tain. One glorious spring morning, I remember, when in the flush of dawn I scrambled up beside the driver, who was an old acquaintance. If I had refreshed myself with laudanum instead of rum and milk I could not have felt more sleepy. It was a superb bit of galloping ground that skirted the Beaulieu Firth and my friend put his horses along. The ozone from the ocean, laden with the intoxicating fragrance of the seaweed, might have lulled a victim of chronic insomnia, and if my friend had not kept his driving elbow continually in my ribs, I should certainly have been a subject for the coroner, had there been coroners to the north of the Tweed.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### AN UNCOMMERCIAL PLAY.

"A MAN of Honour" was produced lately at the Avenue (where it is still running). Thanks to the Stage Society! For, certainly, no manager would have dared the play on the merits of the MS. Only the impression made through the previous medium of the Stage Society could have won the benefit of commercial doubt. I hope the thing will pay its way. A little tragedy of modern life, unrelieved by taradiddles or even by titles, is a rather bitter pill for the public maw. No visual splendour of frocks or scenery can be dragged in. The manager of the Avenue does not attempt to gild the pill. He does but add a little jam, nervously. Throughout the entr'actes, the orchestra plays the newest waltzes and selections from the newest musical comedies; and, when the curtain falls on the conclusion of the whole matter, the house is played out to a tune whose words (have you been to the Adelphi?) are "My heart's in a whirl as I kiss each curl of my cosy-corner girl". A very fair house it was, on the night of my visit. And the play was very well received—with many hearty laughs in the wrong places. There, you perceive, is the best chance of success for a modern tragedy. The public is so very unsuspicious.

I called Mr. Maugham's play "a little tragedy" with no loose use of the diminutive. For here we have a tragic love-conflict not between naked soul and naked soul, but between upper-middle-class soul and lower-class soul. An average barrister marries an average barmaid, and all that intervenes to make them unhappy is the divergence of their up-bringsings. Their tragedy is not the less real, however, because it is superficial, social, little; and Mr. Maugham has made of it a more poignant play than any we have had since "Grierson's Way". Not that the play is perfect, by any means. Basil Kent, the barrister, is not so well drawn as the barmaid, Jenny Bush. Her commonness is real and convincing, his gentility is—genteel, in the later sense of the word. He is, in fact, a snob. In the first act we see him with his friend Halliwell, a brother of the woman with whom he is really in love. Jenny Bush, whom he has promised to marry, arrives with her brother, Harry. Harry swaggers aggressively, and addresses his host's friend as "Alliwell". "Halliwell", says the friend. And Kent is like unto him. He offers Harry a cigar. Harry is impressed by the brand. "How much", he asks, "do these run you in for?" "They were a present to me", replies corrective Kent; "I do not know what they cost. . . . Won't you take off the label before you light it?" I do not say that well bred people never behave in an ill-bred way: they very often do. But Kent's misbehaviour is dramatically an irrelevance; and it is a damaging irrelevance, for (dramatically) it stamps him as a snob, and so mars the right balance

of the play. In the second act again, after his marriage with Jenny Bush, we find him engaged in lording it over Harry with long-worded sarcasms; and for us Harry becomes the far less insufferable of the two. All our sympathy goes to the wife. Mr. Maugham, of course, meant to hold the scales evenly. He meant us to feel no less sympathy for the husband than for the wife. Those are the most interesting, the most moving cases of incompatibility—the cases in which neither person is to blame. Kent's part ought to be revised unsparingly.

The last act has been revised since the first production, but not unsparingly enough. Indeed, I prefer the original version. Jenny, as you may remember, had committed suicide, and there was to be an inquest. Kent gradually confessed to Halliwell his intense relief at finding himself free; and the play ended with the entry of the widow whom he wished to marry. Well, this was too harsh, too indecent, to be real. Kent was a sentimentalist. He would not have confessed to himself—much less to anyone else—the unlovely joy that was in his heart; and he would not have sent for Mrs. Murray. Nevertheless, she and he would have come together, after a decent interval, and by that time he would have become callous enough not to conceal the truth about his own sensations. In fact, the ending of the play was right in itself, but wrong in its date: for verisimilitude, that decent interval was needed. In the amended last act, we don't get the decent interval, and we don't get the logical conclusion. Except for a word or two blurted out by Kent just before the curtain falls, we know nothing of his sensations, except that he is shocked by his wife's suicide. As for the future, we are left to presume that the widow will marry a ridiculous person to whom she is engaged. The whole act has to depend for its interest on the success of Halliwell in preventing Harry Bush from making a fuss at the inquest. And who of us cares twopence whether Harry Bush make a fuss at the inquest or not? That is neither here nor there. Why niggle over this travesty of a happy ending? Such irrelevant manoeuvring is quite unworthy of the play that Mr. Maugham has written—unworthy of the simplicity with which he has carried the story forward, and of the insight and sympathy with which he has drawn all the characters—yes, all of them, for the faults in the presentment of Kent, though they are so damaging, are merely superficial. I have read two or three novels by Mr. Maugham, and "A Man of Honour" seems to me inferior to any of them. But it is a blessing, and a surprise, to find a novelist trying to do his best in dramatic form and failing to do it only through lack of experience in the new medium, instead of trying to do his worst, for lucre, and doing it. There is no reason to suppose that anon Mr. Maugham as playwright will not be the equal of Mr. Maugham as novelist. Meanwhile, as a matter of conscience, and for sake of practice, let him re-revise the last act of "A Man of Honour", and cleanse Kent of that deadly coating of snobbishness. Also (a smaller matter, but not unimportant) let him test the vocal quality of his dialogue, throughout. For the most part his characters talk vocally enough; but now and again they tend to become scriptive. Halliwell for example: "Matrimony, like hanging, is rather a desperate remedy." I have no objection to epigrams: people do occasionally make epigrams in real life. But they don't do it like that; and the sentence I have quoted is an example of how it is not done. "Matrimony is like hanging. It is rather a desperate remedy"—there you have the speakable form. I am hair-splitting? Well, the difference between what can be written and what can be spoken is a subtle difference, I admit; but it is a difference that matters a good deal, especially in a realistic play. Sometimes, Mr. Maugham errs in the opposite way: his characters sometimes talk too naturally. Halliwell, again: "The smiles of women are the very breath of your nostrils". Halliwell, in real life, might be guilty of that dreadful phrase—surely the most dreadful phrase ever uttered. But the dramatist must select, must edit. Nothing that does not sound as if it could be spoken by a real person should be put into the lips of a puppet; but, gentle syllogist, not everything that sounds so should be put there.

Mr. Maugham's play is performed by clever people. But it is not well performed by them. They are on the wrong tack. This is not surprising. It would be surprising to find a poetic romance acted in the right manner; for poetic romance, though we still have examples of it, is a bygone dramatic form; and always the dramatic form conditions the acting; and, when it dies, the right way to act it dies also. Prosaic realism is the form towards which we are tending; but we have not reached it yet: such plays as "A Man of Honour" are only, as it were, the outposts of the form; and consequently our mimes have not yet acquired the right method of interpreting it. Their style is conditioned by the form of drama which they, and we, know best—a form in which romanticism and realism are commingled. And thus, when the curtain rises on "A Man of Honour", and discovers Mr. Ben Webster as Kent and Mr. Charles Hallard as Halliwell, we very soon feel that though neither Mr. Webster nor Mr. Hallard is a swashbuckler talking in iambics, neither the one nor the other of them is (as Mr. Maugham means him to be) an ordinary young man of to-day, sitting in an ordinary room in the Temple, and behaving in an ordinary manner. Both are physically so very radiant, so very gallant in bearing, in manner so very significant. Both talk sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, but always slower or quicker than is usual; and always their voices either rise higher or sink lower than is usual. Of the two, Mr. Ben Webster is the further from our humdrum existence; and this is a pity, for on him falls the greater burden of the play. The best scene is in the second act, when the husband and wife quarrel. It is a wonderfully natural and well-graduated scene—vulgar suspicion from the wife, weary irony from the husband, violent taunts from the wife, long-pent outburst from the husband, and so forth. But there are no gradations in Mr. Webster's acting, and no naturalness: from first to last he is the agonised troubadour, desperately facing the audience. And Miss Muriel Wylford, who plays the wife—she, too, is constantly appealing to the audience. She is a clever and sensitive actress, evidently; and she does try, conscientiously, to be quite natural. But the absence of any experience in frank realism, coupled with the presence of Mr. Webster, forces her to decorate an admirably conceived performance with stage-tricks. She tries hard, moreover, not to be charming and refined and obviously sympathetic; but only now and then does she succeed. All the other performers, with one exception, are of the stage stagey. Mr. George Trollope, as Harry Bush, is a very sharp exception. His performance is interesting as an example of how much a part depends on its interpreter—how creative a power for good or evil the actor can be. When the play was produced by the Stage Society, the part of Harry Bush seemed to be just that bit of threadbare convention, the stage Cockney, the shade of Sam Weller. Later, when I read the play, I found that Harry Bush was quite a possible figure. But, now that he is impersonated by Mr. Trollope, he becomes something more than that: one sees in him the incarnation of a whole class—of a whole modern class that is quite new upon the stage. One has seen them, these young men, lounging outside public bars and music-halls—a little lower than the baser sort of bank-clerk, a little higher than the Hooligan; pretentious, without the vitality to rise; malevolent without the vitality for mischief; gloomily dissipated; the most sordid outcome, so far, of our urban civilisation. And here we have, as it were, a synthesis of them all. Mr. Trollope is a character-actor of the first water.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### THE CITY.

THE City has not been a cheerful place in which to pass one's days during the past week. It is true that money has been rather easier, due chiefly to the redemption of £4,000,000 of Treasury Bills, but the general atmosphere of nervousness has prevented anything approaching activity either in money or stocks. During the earlier part of the week there were rumours that the Stock Exchange settlement in

Paris, following the panic of a fortnight ago, would disclose grave trouble, but happily that fear appears to have been unfounded. At the same time one cannot disregard the elements of danger existing in the Continental Bourses from the large blocks of foreign stocks, more especially Spanish and Turkish bonds, which have been bought on speculative account and which would doubtless be thrown on the market should any considerable disaster occur to the Russian arms in the Far East. The danger we allude to does not exist to the same extent in regard to Russian issues which have been well placed, whilst the Russian Government appear to be in a position to continue active support by purchases in the open market. Fortunately for this country the aggregate amount of foreign bonds held in London is relatively small. The marking down of the price of Consols has not been due to any considerable sales being effected but is mainly the result of rumours that the sinking fund would again be suspended, and, further, the market is so sensitive that quite insignificant operations have an effect out of all proportion to their real importance. In railway stocks the only feature of interest has been the announcement of the Scotch dividends which have been generally better than expected; English rails have been quite neglected.

The special report issued by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada is a most interesting document and should be carefully studied not only by those directly concerned but by everyone interested in the development of the North-West territory of Canada. The completion of a second main trunk line stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a matter of supreme importance to the immense and rich wheat-growing districts. It is not stated how the Grand Trunk Company proposes to arrange the preliminary finance, but there is no reason to doubt that satisfactory provision can be made for the necessary deposit of £1,000,000 with the Canadian Government. The traffic returns from the above-mentioned line and also from the Canadian-Pacific Railway continue to be extremely bad and it is unlikely that any substantial improvement will be shown until the spring. American rails have been steady but neglected.

In the mining markets the stagnation has been almost complete, the South African section more particularly. It is understood that the issue of Chartered shares was successful and it is stated that the company has made arrangements to provide the necessary funds for the construction of the northern section of the railway. If this be so and the terms are satisfactory, an announcement to that effect would be very reassuring. In regard to the railway strikes in the Argentine, investors should not be frightened by the exaggerated statements which have been made on the subject. We understand that a general turn-out on all the railways is not to be apprehended, whilst we have also reason to believe that the strike at Rosario is in a fair way of settlement.

The issue of 80,000 ordinary shares of £1 each by Harrod's Stores, being the balance of the unissued capital, appears to be fully warranted by the business of the company which is one of the best of its class. The shares are being issued at a premium of £2 10s. and at this price, provided the present rate of dividend is maintained, the yield to the investor is slightly more than 5 per cent. per annum.

The remarkable change that has taken place during the past ten years in the direct relations existing between the public and the Stock Exchange make the domestic affairs of the latter of much wider interest than in the days when people, who now go direct to their brokers, used to pass their business through their bankers. The investing and speculating public will therefore watch with interest the movement which is taking place in the Stock Exchange for revision of the conditions of membership and restriction in the number of members. There is unquestionably room for improvement but in our opinion the question of numbers, apart from the actual limit imposed by the superficial area of the House, is a matter of secondary importance. What is essential and what the authorities should spare no effort to ensure is that candidates should be men of financial standing and of the highest character. We do not suggest that a deposit should be demanded so high



that the clerk of good character but comparatively small means would be excluded, but under the present system men are admitted to membership who have no right to accept the liabilities inseparable from a Stock Exchange business.

#### THE PRUDENTIAL.

THE Prudential Assurance Company is probably the most wonderful organisation in existence. Its operations are confined to the United Kingdom, and the number of policies in force is 16,000,000, or about one in three of the inhabitants of these islands. The amount which it receives annually in premiums is very nearly £10,000,000, or approximately 45 per cent. of the total paid for Life assurance to the whole of the British Life offices. The assurances in force exceed £230,000,000, and the total assets of the company are more than £51,000,000. For magnitude in Life assurance matters we are accustomed to look to the American giants, such as the Mutual of New York, which possesses funds of £80,000,000, and a premium income slightly in excess of that of the Prudential. But the three great American companies have the whole world (excluding unhealthy regions) for their sphere, while the Prudential draws from the United Kingdom alone a premium income but little less than that of the world-wide American companies. The secret of this success is the perfection of the organisation of the Prudential.

It is difficult to form any clear idea of the work that is perpetually being done on behalf of the company. We are told that in the industrial branch there are more than 15,000,000 policies in force, yielding £6,000,000 in annual premiums. Probably the whole of this amount is collected weekly, bringing out an average payment for each policy of less than 2d. a week. When we remember that this amount is for the most part collected in coppers by house-to-house visitation, we can begin to form some mental picture of the work of the staff and of the organisation necessary to cause the whole machine to move along without hitch or hindrance. It is significant of the completeness of its arrangements that, with all this work to do, the expenses of the industrial branch are less than 40 per cent. of the premium income. It is admitted, and regretted, that so many people will only buy their Life assurance in this expensive retail way; but the Prudential makes great and successful efforts to persuade people to buy their Life assurance more cheaply by paying their premiums at longer intervals. The statistics of the ordinary branch afford conclusive evidence upon this point. There are 712,000 ordinary policies in force, assuring nearly £80,000,000; so giving an average of about £110 for each policy, and an average annual premium of about five guineas. This shows that the Prudential sells a very large number of small policies, upon very favourable terms. The results under its ordinary policies, considering the average smallness of the amounts, are excellent. We are not sure of the present rate of bonus, but it is not less than 30s. per cent. per annum of the sum assured. One secret of this good return is the small expenditure at which the ordinary branch is worked. For many years the rate of expense was 10 per cent. of the premium income, but for the last two or three years the expenses have been under 9 per cent., which is equivalent to 46 per cent. of the new premiums, and 46 per cent. of renewals, ratios which are about half those of other companies with policies of which the average amount is three or four times as great as those of the Prudential. Even if we include in the expenses the payments to shareholders out of the ordinary branch we have to add less than 2 per cent. of the premiums, making the total expenditure of the company work out at the extremely low rate of 10·8 per cent. of the premium income.

The investment of funds of such magnitude must be a matter of great difficulty, but the brief list of assets contained in the balance sheet, and still more the full details contained in a special pamphlet which the Company publishes, show that the investments are made with great judgment, and that the office never touches anything but the very highest class of securities.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### GERMAN AND ENGLISH BREAD PRICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Port Elizabeth, S.A., 6 February, 1904.

SIR,—Your Hamburg correspondent's letter in your issue of 16 January, in answer to mine published in yours of 9 January, rather evades the question raised by me, viz. the definite margin which must be allowed on each sack of flour to cover cost of production. He still quotes the "Daily Telegraph", that with flour at 2s. 1d. in Berlin i.e. £2 1s. 8d. per sack, and bread at 5½d. (96 loaves being the utmost product of a sack of flour) yields the baker £2 2s. 0d., 4d. over the cost of the flour. Now, your correspondent's sense of proportion ought to have given him pause here;—suppose he had read in the "Daily Telegraph" that skilled artisans were paid in Berlin 4d. per day for their labour! His sense of proportion would at once have made him exclaim, "Some mistake here, probably a misprint".

Now, the cost of converting a sack of flour into bread, and delivering same to customers in Europe, America, and Africa, is slightly over the amount of a day's wages of a skilled artisan in these countries. Let your correspondent inquire at any of his baker friends in Hamburg the cost of making a sack of flour into bread and delivering same;—or he might learn it from a high and respectable authority just beside him, viz., the "Altona" flour mills, a concern that has been doing a large export trade in flour to the United Kingdom for over fifty years. And when he gets the information, I am quite sure he will be the first to see that the 4d. margin was an error, and will very likely confess—"Je ne suis pas au courant de cette affaire".

There has always been such an inexcusable haze in all the letters I have seen ament the cost of producing bread in the United Kingdom that, though I feel I am trespassing very much on your valuable space, I should here like to state that I know of no trade in England where the margin between material and product is as well known as the baker's margin on a sack of flour—witness the following:—

"In England an Act of Parliament was passed in 1266 for regulating the price of bread by a Public Assize, and that system continued in operation till 1822 in the case of the City of London, and till 1836 for the rest of the country."

The price of bread was determined by adding a certain sum to the price of every quarter of flour, in name of the baker's expenses and profit; and for the sum so arrived at tradesmen were required to bake and sell eighty quartern loaves, or a like proportion of other sizes, which it was reckoned each quarter of flour ought to yield. The following table exhibits the assize price of bread in London in 1814:—

| Price of<br>Flour in<br>Shillings. | Price of<br>Quartern<br>Loaf. | Price of<br>8-lb.<br>Loaf. | Price of<br>4-lb.<br>Loaf. | Price of<br>2-lb.<br>Loaf. | Price of<br>1-lb.<br>Loaf. |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
|                                    | s. d.                         | s. d.                      | s. d.                      | s. d.                      | s. d.                      |
| 30                                 | 0 6½                          | 1 0                        | 0 6                        | 0 3                        | 0 1½                       |
| 35                                 | 0 7½                          | 1 1½                       | 0 6½                       | 0 3½                       | 0 1¾                       |
| 40                                 | 0 8                           | 1 2½                       | 0 7½                       | 0 3½                       | 0 1¾                       |
| 45                                 | 0 8½                          | 1 4                        | 0 8                        | 0 4                        | 0 2                        |
| 50                                 | 0 9½                          | 1 5½                       | 0 8½                       | 0 4½                       | 0 2½                       |
| 60                                 | 0 11                          | 1 8½                       | 0 10½                      | 0 5                        | 0 2½                       |
| 70                                 | 1 0½                          | 1 11                       | 0 11½                      | 0 5½                       | 0 3                        |
| 80                                 | 1 2                           | 2 1½                       | 1 1                        | 0 6½                       | 0 3½                       |
| 90                                 | 1 3½                          | 2 4½                       | 1 2½                       | 0 7½                       | 0 3½                       |
| 100                                | 1 5                           | 2 7½                       | 1 3½                       | 0 7½                       | 0 4                        |

Encyc. Brit., Vol. III., p. 250.

The margin here will be seen by taking the price of 80 quartern loaves to be slightly over 13s. per quarter of flour, a measure of flour that does not seem to have produced quite as many 4-lb. loaves as our present unit of 280 lbs. of flour. I suspect that the Assize found its occupation gone, when the competition characteristic of the nineteenth century began to make itself felt. What free competition has done by way of cheapening the cost of production of bread can be seen by comparing my "cost sheet" with the margin allowed by the Public Assize of 1814.

Let me give your correspondent the assurance of one who knows the trade in two or three continents that there is no city in the world better supplied with cheap wholesome bread than is the City of London, and there is no country in the world in advance of the United Kingdom in labour-saving machinery for bread-making. —Americans (bakers) freely acknowledge this, and if your correspondent will put on the credit side the bakers' higher wages in England as compared with Germany, it will probably be found that the economic methods of the United Kingdom can give points to Germany, or any other civilised country.

In conclusion let me say that when the price of flour is stated, anyone may calculate what the price of bread should be, by adding 7s. 6d. to 8s. in name of bakers' expenses and profit, and every advance of 4s. on the sack of flour means exactly  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the 4-lb. loaf.

Mr. Chamberlain has proposed a duty on foreign grain and flour equal to about 2s. on the sack of flour—which if paid by the consumer (and judging from what happened when England or Britain put a duty on the Continental sugar it would fall mostly on the foreigner) would amount to only  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the 4-lb. loaf. The average consumption of bread in each family in the United Kingdom does not exceed six 4-lb. loaves per week, equal to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per week, even should he pay the whole of the duty—the price of a modest glass of beer! If this was clearly understood by the artisan voter, I am of opinion that he would have no hesitation in supporting Mr. Chamberlain in his present endeavour to fortify and better the industrial interests of the country.

Respectfully yours,

GUILLIANDRAS RUADH.

#### FREE LIBRARIES FOR THE CLERGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Whitelands College, Chelsea.

SIR,—How many of your readers, lay or clerical, can answer the question—What is a Dr. Bray Associate? And how many of them are aware that for the two hundred years last past, Dr. Bray and his associates have been engaged in founding free clerical libraries? Most people, even the man in the street, have heard of Mr. Carnegie and his libraries, but who has heard of Dr. Bray's, two hundred years of them? The report for 1903 which can be obtained from the Rev. E. P. Sketchley, S.P.G. offices, 19 Delahay Street, Westminster, says of the associates:

"They establish theological libraries for the use of clergymen and students who are candidates for holy orders in Great Britain and in foreign parts. To this department alone all donations and subscriptions are applied."

Dr. Thomas Bray was born in 1656 and died in 1730.

"He gave his valuable collection of martyrological memoirs, printed and MS., to the library of Sion College where they are preserved. He gave his editions of the Fathers which were valuable, to any town in England, where within three years after his death, fifty pounds might be raised to add to the foundation. The perpetual curate of Maidstone in Kent fulfilled these conditions; and the books were accordingly given for the foundation of a library in that town." Are the clergy of Maidstone now aware of that fact? And is the library now in existence? Dr. Bray also left some property the income from which was to be devoted to founding or enlarging free libraries for clergy; and he entrusted the management thereof to thirty persons, his associates. The statement of the general library account for the year 1902 shows total receipts £503 18s. 6d., and disbursements £290 17s. 11d., balance in hand £213 os. 7d. The statement of the schools' account for the same year is: receipts £519 18s. 7d., and after the disbursements there is a balance in hand of £318 12s. 11d. The schools are said to be negro schools, in Nova Scotia and the Bahamas. The list of libraries shows that there is one, or more, in every diocese in England and Wales; and the dates when they were founded and augmented are given.

Thus there are nine in Bangor, eleven in Llandaff, fifteen in S. David's. Then there are several libraries in foreign parts, India, Africa, the Dominion of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific; and two in

Europe, one at Constantinople and one at Mentone. In the Isle of Man remnants still exist, it is said, of eighteen libraries which Dr. Bray founded in concert with good Bishop Wilson. Where are they now? Moreover a list is given of no less than 220 libraries in various parts of England, no longer existing, which are said to have been either lost, removed ("taking" the wise it call) or amalgamated with other libraries. It thus appears that something like £200 a year, for the last 200 years, has been expended in founding free clerical libraries. Where are they? Who use them? Do even the clergy know of their existence? I have written to some well-known clergymen in different parts of England, where these libraries are said to be; because it seems to me that with all this wealth of libraries clergymen would be right glad to become acquainted, and would surely make use of them were they accessible; and were the clergy aware of the facts. Surely also some of them would become a Dr. Bray's Associate at a guinea a year and thus acquire some right in the disposition, arrangement, and greater utility of all these books. Steps I believe are to be at once taken to bring about this consummation. Two hundred a year for two hundred years is a round sum, a good round sum. Multiplied out it stands at £40,000! Here is or was money! Where is the money's worth?

And here are some of the answers to the inquiries I wrote—Do you know anything of a Dr. Bray's Free Library for Clergy in —?

1. I will try to find out.

2. I have never heard of the existence of a Free Library for Clergy founded by Dr. Bray's Associates.

3. Yes there is a collection of books never used called Bray's Library in — Church vestry. If it could be a circulating library for the clergy in these hard times, good might come of it. Now no good accrues, I fear.

4. There is a Bray Library here used by the Rural Deanery.

5. The Bray Library is now situated in a very accessible place and in a good room. . . . The library is open to all clergy who like to use it.

6. I wonder whether the library alluded to is the library in connexion with the Sacred Study Society.

[No—it is not; and surely it is a thousand pities that new societies, and their name is legion, are started to cover the ground already covered by long-established and long-neglected agencies.]

One part of Dr. Bray's good deeds, at any rate, is in evidence, and doing good work.

"He drew up a plan of a Society for Propagating the Gospel Abroad, with a view to its being incorporated by charter from the King. This charter being afterwards (in June 1701) obtained originated the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts which has since been the means of effecting such extensive good."

Long may it prosper, and its good work and good influence increase.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JNO. P. FAUNTHORPE,

One of Dr. Bray's Associates.

#### THE USE OF "AN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss,  
27 February, 1904.

SIR,—If I be right in supposing that the vibration or non-vibration of final "r" comes under the same rule as that which should decide between the use of "a" or "an" in any given instance—I may fairly adduce the authority of the late Dean of Llandaff as conflicting with the theory maintained by Mr. Frederic Balfour in your current issue. Well do I remember hearing that most scholarly divine rally one of his assistant-curates (now by the way a mitred prelate) on his pronunciation of the words—"our ears"—as our years rather than our-r ears; and that Dr. Vaughan would have had the initial vowels of such words as —usurper—European kept open, and preceded by "an"—seems a legitimate inference to

Yours faithfully,

E. T. FRERE.



## MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "ARRANGEMENTS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, S.W., 29 February, 1904.

SIR,—“Read Arnold's best work, and hold your peace” is admirable advice to the clever person. One might perhaps reply, if one were a clever person: it is the seemingly ludicrous incompatibility between his best work (which one must have read to know) and his theatrical criticism that provokes the remark, “Arminius talking like Bottles”.

But what surprises the good Arnoldian most is that so few people appear to read either his best or his worst. Taking your own case, for example (if you will forgive me): the other day a gentleman wrote you a review of Canon Ainger's “Crabbe” in which the Arnoldian standards for poetry were applied to that third-rate Wordsworth with enthusiasm and without acknowledgment—“inevitableness”, “natural magic”, and, I believe, some others (my number of the SATURDAY REVIEW is now on its way to South Africa). The pressing of these criteria into such a service provoked no comment. On the contrary, some one wrote praising the review. So much for readers of Arnold's best work.

Then as to his “trash”. Put to it, I think I might vindicate this “trash” even to the clever person, much more to you. Messrs. Macmillan have reprinted it in the edition (Vol. IV.) they are now issuing. “Clever people” do not read old “Pall Malls” so it was probably “dug out” of this edition. Secondly, set it in its true surroundings: The world was twenty-one years younger; Miss Ward was taking the town; Arnold was “encouraging the theatre” (see his minor essays, *passim*); he is quite conscious of what he says and semi-ironic; conscious, too, of the recently invented Whistlerian word “arrangement”, and he “quotes” it to forestall the clever person intent on fun. Lastly, it is snatched from its context—which of ye, O sons of Light, can suffer it and live!—a context of moderate praise and kindly criticism and good-humoured chaff. “About nothing” someone will rejoin. About Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Kendal and Mr. Sims and “Mr.” Irving and their plays. Nothings and nobodies if you will; but is not the great man he that can use such counters, when no better are to hand, and make them tell us what he wants to say about, for example, morality and life?

I am, Sir, yours, &amp;c.

CHARLES WEEKES.

## THE WORST THREE TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

51 Greengate, Stafford, 25 February, 1904.

SIR,—Next to the tags quoted by you in your edition of 6 February the following three seem to me the worst:—

- No. 1. “Understanded of the people.”
- No. 2. “One swallow does not make a summer.”
- No. 3. “What is one man's meat is another man's poison.”

This last seems to me the most hideous and objectionable of all tags. Nevertheless if it helps to secure me the free delivery of your paper for twelve months, I am quite willing to be under an obligation to it.

I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM H. WRIGHT.

## WORN-OUT LATIN TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Westover Road, Bournemouth, Hants,  
28 February, 1904.

SIR,—I am not at all sure that you want any more Latin “tags”. If so, the following should die the death:—

- “Bis dat qui cito”, &c. “Nil nisi bonum”, &c.
- “Sic transit gloria”, &c. “Poeta nascitur”, &c.
- “Vestigia nulla”, &c. “Magna est veritas”, &c.
- “Fiat justitia”, &c. “Parturiunt montes”, &c. “Laudator temporis”, &c. “Nemo repenti fuit”, &c.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN TATE.

## REVIEWS.

## GREEK DEVIL-LORE.

“Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion.” By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1903. 15s. net.

THE sensations of a student of Greek antiquity nowadays are many and violent. As though he were contemplating a cinematograph, he has perpetually to readjust his mental focus; new objects rush into his field of vision, old ones take new proportions and positions. The old-fashioned scholar, who knew his classics “as I know the houses in my street”, as some German said of Jowett, whose sources were literary, who progressed from the firm if “early” ground of Homer through a quaking bog of “fragments” till the solid land of Pindar and Æschylus received him and handed him on through the Orators to Aristotle, whence across another gulf he made one plunge for the N. T.—this respectable scholar and gentleman has found his idea of the history of the Greek race uncomfortably modified by the spade of Dörpfeld and Evans, and his view of their religion disturbed by the efforts of the folklorists. Mr. Frazer's “Golden Bough”, Mr. Lang's various books, and the stately tomes of Mr. Farnell have made it painfully probable that the “old Greeks”, the forbears of Pericles and Sophocles, were as much savages as less-favoured races; and here is a learned lady, a Newnham don, to prove it.

Miss Harrison makes a cardinal distinction between the upper Olympian Gods—who are found so to speak in possession well before our literature begins, and who are to many people, what they profess to be, the Greek Pantheon—and a set of different creatures, earlier and lower, often without names and unrecognised by art, who subsisted though en cachette through the classical period, facilitated the introduction of Mysteries, and fairly got their own again in the chaos and riot among which the intellect of the ancient world made shipwreck. Miss Harrison finds the evidence for these infernal and tellurian personages in the ritual festivals, the Anthesteria, Diasia &c. which existed in historical times; the earlier part of her book is devoted to analysing and disengaging their proper meaning. These festivals had been more or less appropriated to the Olympians, partially renamed, and their ritual and purpose was forgotten and misinterpreted by the historical Greeks. The details of the rites, whether *πρωγία* or *φάρμακος*, only obtain significance when their original intention is read into them. According to Miss Harrison's view the one series of gods and rites overlay or over-rid the other; the chthonian divinities were buried beneath the Olympian: “superimposition”, “overlaying” are terms that recur often in the author's vocabulary.

This theory has nothing improbable in itself. The overlaying of one faith by another, when the vanquished creed peeps up through the crust of the conqueror, is a frequent phenomenon. The adaptations which the Western and Eastern Christian Churches have made of Pagan festivals, and no less the pagan practices which they are unable to suppress, are matters of common knowledge. Though Buddhism in Ceylon is accepted by the educated, the real worship of the small cultivator is paid to the devil in the corner of his field. In these cases however the superimposition of religion on religion was the consequence of political change; and the first question that occurs to Miss Harrison's reader must be, what events in the early history of the Ægean bowed Typhon beneath Zeus, and dispossessed Gaia in favour of Apollo? When and owing to what external causes was the snake-devil worshipped (or “placated” as Miss Harrison puts it) at the Diasia taken under the nomenclature of Zeus? The author does not answer this question, though she is aware of its importance. She leaves it to Professor Ridgeway, and until the Loxias of Fen Ditton has spoken through his tripods, in other words until the publication of the second volume of the “Early Age of Greece”, this essential part of the argument is unproved. It is easy however to divine the nature of Mr. Ridgeway's response. His blue-eyed Northmen,

his Kelts, whether we call them Achæans, Pelopidæ or maybe Dorians, brought Zeus and his dynasty with them; they converted at the sword's point the small black Mycenæans, artists and devil-worshippers, to the use of iron and the cult of new Gods. This may be; not for naught was the Greek holy mountain Olympus, and the nearest mortal land thereto Pieria. Still it will be a matter of many words and of specific evidence to prove that the major Greek Gods came from the northern wilds; the claims of Asia and of Crete must be considered. Till this has been done the layman will do well to withhold his assent from the general theory of superimposition, since the details, which naturally cannot here be discussed, are severally more than doubtful, depend largely on questionable etymologies and a great deal on sympathetic exegesis, by which, like sympathetic magic, almost anything may be effected. From Clement to Creuzer, from Lobeck to Preller, Max Müller, Roscher, Gruppe, Robertson Smith and Farnell, different accounts have been given of the meaning of Greek religious practices. When once the accurate statement of facts is over, the reader should remember that the rest is and must be hypothesis. Without doubt we understand the savage mind better than we did, and we recognise that the mind of even the greatest nations was at one time savage; but are the theories of to-day really appreciably nearer the mysterious and unapproachable truth? The solar-myth men are condemned; is the vegetation hypothesis better? Totems, which a year or two ago were a key to everything, have a bare mention in Miss Harrison's book. The sympathetic magician with his dumb show, and the mystic, inheritor and vivifier of primordial beliefs, hold the field. How truly, and for how long, the less concerns the disinterested historical student that his position in these matters is at least as good as that of the Greeks themselves. If he is in darkness, so were they; his explanations are not wider of the mark than theirs. No Hellene with whom history is acquainted or whose name we can speak knew or cared for the truth of pre-Homeric worship; the lives and thoughts of those men, to understand whose writings and contemplate whose actions is the crown of classical study, are as independent of the original meaning of Diasia or Thargelia as a play by M. Hervieu or the policy of Mr. Chamberlain is of the ultimate significance of a Hot-cross Bun or a may-pole.

Still the new method is to be welcomed. Light, even if it be in places a corpse candle, is the first necessity of a reasonable study, and the solid advantage of the anthropological method is to have cleared away a great deal of the lumber, the conventional deadweight which not only schoolboys feel in the classics. The preposterous interpretations of the ancients, whose acceptance deadened the intellect and falsified the taste, the ætiology ad hoc, the foolish verbal etymology, vanish to their proper limbo. An undeniable fascination comes of Miss Harrison's patient ingenuity, as she interprets detail after detail till the puzzle falls into shape and the dead mumbo-jumbo glows with native light. All schoolmasters, most dons, will gain by knowing that *ἡεροφοῖς* means "bloodsucker", *Erinys* "angry", that Dionysus has to do with the *Δῖος*, that Sophocles was known as *Δεξιων* after his death and worshipped, that the Satyrs are not goats but a Thracian people, that Dionysus was first a beer-god, and of his titles *Βραυτης* is in substance "brasserie" and *Σαβαῖος* practically the zabaione which, though nowadays compost of marsala and eggs, every Italian takes when he has a cold in the head.

Miss Harrison has the quality essential for these investigations—sympathy; it may even be doubted if she has it not in excess. The reader cannot quite rid himself of the feeling that the method explains too much. However no doubt justice will be rendered by the proper authorities. A band of assistants has guaranteed the book against inaccuracies, but an acknowledgment of a very familiar story in Herodotus as taken from a German book (p. 362) suggests a curious attitude towards original authorities. As is natural in a lady the author dislikes Satyrs, and "sympathises a little with the Mænad"; a really eloquent passage upon intoxication would have pleased Seneca

(p. 453). Miss Harrison's real liking however is for the disciples of the sober Orpheus, whose teaching she regards with singular complacency. The founder may have been a man, and have accomplished a missionary journey ending in martyrdom which rivalled S. Paul's greatest efforts; but surely it is only when a religion is finished that its devotees read ideas into it. The Orphic metaphysic must be regarded as at best a poor attempt to satisfy the longings of weak humanity. Its literature, which remains in lamentable abundance, borders on hocus-pocus and has but a pathological value. The system fell, and rightly, like a rotten apple, before the breath of a simple historical story, backed by the weighty sanction of the Church.

Our favourites we must recognise were less perfect than we thought. They had their weak moments and their dark places. But even so Orphism and "purity" (word of terrible association) held the place that the New Jerusalem, Mrs. Eddy's religion and other modern *γοητεῖαι* do to the moral life of to-day; they but set in higher relief the clear-eyed morality of Plato, and the sound positivism of Epicurus.

For the benefit of the Folklorist without Greek the book is amply provided with verse renderings of various merit. Among them are Mr. Murray's more than Phrynicæan lyrics, and some fine long lines from Mr. D. S. MacColl.

#### THE OXFORD HORACE WALPOLE.

"The Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. I.-IV. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1903. 6s. net each.

THE Letters of Horace Walpole have indisputably won for themselves and their author a place in the classic domain of literature and history similar to that which belongs to the Letters of Cicero. And ever since the publication of the first instalment in 1798 the numbers and the editions have steadily increased. Yet Cunningham's well-known collection in nine volumes while it conferred unquestionable benefits on literary and historical students could not be regarded as completely satisfactory. Hence the appearance of a new and more nearly complete edition under the auspices of the Clarendon Press has been eagerly awaited by all genuinely interested not merely in a striking personality or a literary classic, but in eighteenth-century history and scholarship. For what all students have been hungering for has been an edition, competently edited, which would be really complete, which would be based on a revised and correct text, and which would give a new and more scientific chronological order, rearranged and redated by the help of our fuller knowledge of the internal and external evidence. A rough summary then of Mrs. Toynbee's results will indicate broadly how far these needs have been met. When it is completed her sixteen volumes, we learn, will be found to contain 3,061 letters, representing 150 correspondents as against the 2,654 letters and 95 correspondents of Cunningham's collection; thus we have gained 55 correspondents and 407 letters of which 111 are now published absolutely for the first time, and the remainder transferred from private publications are now unreservedly placed at the disposal of the general public. This it will be granted at once is no small advance towards completeness. Yet in the interests of literature and history it is much to be regretted that Lord Ilchester has declined to permit "a certain number of unpublished originals" in his possession to be incorporated in this new edition. Separate or private publication has obvious disadvantages; what advantages it may have must be left to Lord Ilchester's conscience, but it is very gratifying to find that Mrs. Toynbee by the generous and public-spirited kindness of Lord Waldegrave has been allowed to collate Cunningham's text of the Mann Letters, 823 in number, with the transcripts of the originals at Chewton Priory. She has also been able similarly to collate either with the originals or transcripts the text of the Montagu Letters, some of the Conway Letters, the Cole Letters and the Barry Letters and a number of those to lesser correspondents, by the equally friendly action of their respective owners. Even remembering that a percentage remains where collation for various reasons



has been impossible, we are in these volumes nearer to a correct text than ever before. And the result of the collation has proved both striking and interesting. We learn that the received version has proved to be often a carelessly transcribed, sometimes even a tampered with text. Passages were suppressed without any indication of the omission: names misspelt or actually altered, expressions of opinion watered down or recast and so on. We learn too, perhaps without surprise, that no few of the passages suppressed were not fit for publication. Like the editor of the real *Diary of Pepys*, Mrs. Toynbee in such cases has exercised her own discretion. We agree with her conclusion that nothing was to be gained by printing matter which could not add to our literary, critical or historical knowledge. For an estimate of the man or his age it suffices to know that such passages exist: a slovenly or a garbled text is in every way intolerable: but historical accuracy, literary standards and editorial fidelity are amply satisfied when the text shows how where and why a sentence is omitted. And Mrs. Toynbee deserves our thanks for her scrupulous care in complying with the requirements of the scientific editing of an incomparable human document. Nor have her labours ended here. She has also when necessary re-arranged the chronological order of the letters; besides keeping Walpole's own comments she has added a new series of notes which so far as we have tested them are excellent in their accuracy, their brevity and their relevance; and at the commencement of each volume we are provided with parallel tables by which at a glance the reader can tell whether and where the letter occurs in Cunningham, whether it appears elsewhere or whether it is absolutely new. The volumes are pleasantly enriched with photogravures, and include four of Horace Walpole himself "now published for the first time"; and we are promised in a final volume a set of full indices which should prove as indispensable to eighteenth-century students as Mr. Wheatley's tenth volume of Pepys is to all students of the early years of the reign of Charles II. In a word, Mrs. Toynbee's edition must supersede that of Cunningham and unless we are mistaken will prove to be the edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence, and it will do so by reason of the solid merits that its painstaking editor has conferred upon it. Is it too much to hope that Mrs. Toynbee will some day crown her labours by doing for the *Memoirs of the Reign of George II. and George III.* which badly want re-editing what she has done for their author's letters? These *Memoirs* are in every sense the complement to a matchless correspondence and they have the same literary and historical claims.

So far four of the promised sixteen volumes have been published, and the letters they contain number 720, commencing with four, dating from 1732, not to be found in Cunningham, and reaching to 13 November, 1760. Of the present 720 only thirty-three are not in Cunningham, while six of these are absolutely new, so that it is clear the bulk of the additions is still to come. A very minute examination in many columns would be required to show exactly how and where the new text differs from the old, but after careful comparison we are left with two distinct impressions; first, that the number of small changes though for the most part inconsiderable in any single letter cumulatively work out to a very real difference; secondly, as might have been expected, these changes however important as a contribution to accuracy and knowledge do not so far vitally alter the writer's character or style as a correspondent. It may well prove that we must revive in detail our estimate of this or that historic episode, or that we must reconsider the precise value of the writer's authority for this or that circumstance or transaction, or that we shall be able to analyse with greater accuracy the elements of bias and prejudice, both social and personal which help to make the atmosphere of these Letters what it is, or that we must readjust our verdict on Walpole himself, as a man now shown to be more tainted with the coarseness of Georgian England than had otherwise been assumed (though on this point we fancy most careful historical psychologists had already suspected or discounted what is now certain) but Horace Walpole the letter-writer remains on the whole where he did, the same fascinating and

astonishing combination of curiosity, seriousness and levity, with the same inextinguishable passion for gossip, vanities and poms, the same keen eye for the great affairs and the deeper currents, the same rapid intuition for character and the same painless ease in writing with a flowing pen and in coining happy, artless and memorable phrases. The critics of course will continue to argue as to the exact niche which he must occupy in the Temple of Letters, will compare him with Cicero and De Sévigné with Voltaire, Gray, Cowper and all the other acknowledged masters of the epistolary art, will assign reasons and reveal the alleged secrets of the laboratory. To the plain man it is enough to have the Letters and to lay down virtually two principles. A letter to be literature must not merely bear on its face the unanalysable literary hall-mark, it must also be personal just because it is primarily written by a single individual to a single individual; and secondly, that comparisons between great letter-writers are probably more misleading than those between first-rate craftsmen in any other branch of letters. The qualities shared in common by historians, poets, dramatists and so on will always be more numerous than the qualities in which they differ, though their respective methods and objects may be as numerous as the sands of the sea for multitude. But with the great letter-writers on the other hand their methods on analysis will be seen to be singularly alike, but the qualities which they share with one another are few as compared with those which are the priceless monopoly of the individual himself. Horace Walpole was born in the purple of the great Whig world; he lived his life by right in that unique and charmed circle where society was politics and politics were society; not himself a man of the grand affairs he was soaked in the atmosphere of the council chamber and the salon; its language, its figures, its dreams, hopes, achievements, failures, intrigues were as familiar as the clothes he wore or the food he ate; and nature had endowed him with the gifts which made him the Boswell not of a man but of a class, a race, and a world. And such secret as there is in his art does it not lie in the simple truth that he knew it but was artist enough to conceal the knowledge—to convey all the perennial charms of unconscious self-revelation with the flawless fidelity that came also from the concealed technique of conscious mastery? Open where you will Cicero, De Sévigné, Cowper, Gray whom you please and then read a page of Horace Walpole and you recognise that if they had all been children of Sir Robert Walpole and lived through three fourths of the eighteenth century their letters would have been as different in quality and tone as they differ in fact. Nor can we forget that if Walpole in the stricter sense thus belongs to the literature of power, he also as an original authority for the historian belongs to the literature of knowledge. Mrs. Toynbee like other editors has rightly recognised the dual claims of her author on her labours, and if the succeeding twelve volumes are as successful a contribution to understanding and enjoyment as these first four, she will have laid every book-lover who values scholarship and letters under no mean debt.

#### T.C.D. AND THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

"An Epoch in Irish History: Trinity College, Dublin, its Foundation and Early Fortunes, 1541-1660." By John Pentland Mahaffy. London: Unwin. 1904. 16s.

IN this account of the origin and earlier fortunes of the foundation which has been described as the only English institution that has ever succeeded in Ireland, the author claims to have made, incidentally, a contribution to the Elizabethan and Jacobean history of Ireland. We think Dr. Mahaffy's claim is a just one. The merit of the masterly and sagacious appreciation of the religious and political situation of affairs in Ireland at the close of the Elizabethan era with which the work opens is enhanced by the fact that the author has sought to realise, as scarcely any of the regular historians have done, the social condition of the country at the time. Most writers on this period have been content to cite Spenser's harrowing picture of the

desolation which followed the Desmond wars in Munster. Dr. Mahaffy understands that to Englishmen in those days all Ireland outside four counties and half a dozen towns was a backwoods as uncultivated as uncleared wilds in the South American continent remain to-day. He has therefore been able to present the story of the birth of the great Irish university in its proper environment; to show us both for whom the foundation was and for whom it was not intended, and to define the objects which its founders designed it to fulfil. Dr. Mahaffy undoubtedly exaggerates when he attributes the standing alienation of English from Irish sentiment primarily to religious animosities. But he is in the right in his observation that "the great revival of the Roman faith" which was witnessed in the closing years of Elizabeth and the opening years of James I. is a point of great importance which has been missed or ignored by most historians. And he is still more certainly in the right when he presents, as the central feature of the history of Ireland from the days of Elizabeth to those of the Commonwealth, "the great struggle for the education and creed of the people [of Ireland] between the Reformed Church of England and the Jesuits". Dr. Mahaffy dwells at considerable length upon this aspect of Irish history. He shows in the clearest manner how Trinity College had its origin in the struggle he describes, how the University was devised as a means of combatting the marvellously successful activity exhibited by the Roman Church in Ireland in the years immediately before and after the Armada, and how it was utilised from the outset as a bulwark of defence for the Protestant convictions of the English colonists against the unwearying assaults of Rome. We have no intention of entering here on a discussion of the details of the early history of Trinity College. They are details naturally of the highest interest to Trinity College men. But though they frequently afford sidelights of no small value on the history of the country at large—and it is a main merit of this book that the story is never long forgetful of the larger theme—they are details which are primarily of academic interest. It is for the light it throws on the current problem of university education in Ireland rather than for its importance as a contribution either to the general history of the country or to the history of a particular foundation that Dr. Mahaffy's book chiefly interests us. And the light so thrown, whether intentionally or not, seems to us considerable.

Dr. Mahaffy, in his introduction, claims, and we think justly claims, to have represented the merits and the faults of all the conflicting parties in the struggle without fear or favour, "while in no way concealing his Protestant convictions". His history is neither avowedly nor by implication a partisan book. It neither condemns with acrimony the opinions which its author abhors, nor endorses with what Mr. Morley calls "tedious assentation" the sentiments he applauds. Indeed Dr. Mahaffy is evidently too much a man of the world to be guilty of any such fervour of disapprobation as the word abhor connotes. But it may be assumed that he scarcely intended to supply materials for the case against Trinity College as the national university of Ireland which it was so long hoped and intended it would prove. Yet this is certainly the broad effect which his work produces. What this history of Trinity College, as told by one of its leading dons, most clearly emphasises is the Protestant origin, the Protestant traditions, and in Sir Edward Carson's phrase the "Protestant atmosphere" of the University. We do not know whether this is precisely the moral which its historian intended to convey. But it is that which emerges most clearly from his pages. It is obvious that an institution which was created primarily to provide a weapon of defence, in the Protestant interest, in the great religious controversy which was waged throughout Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries must from the outset have received a distinctly sectarian impress. And although it was possible to regard a Protestant university as a national university even in Ireland, so long as the theory of government demanded, as throughout those centuries it continued to demand, the conformity of the subject to the religion sanctioned by the State, that argument

for the preservation of the status quo in Irish university education has long since been shattered by legislation. From the moment when the Parliament of the Union fulfilled all the forebodings of the Protestant opponents of the Union by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the historical justification of the claim of Trinity College to be the national university of Ireland was for ever destroyed.

It is true that long before that event Trinity College had abandoned its strictly denominational constitution, and was indeed the first of the great teaching corporations of the United Kingdom to take this forward step. But it is not less certain that Trinity College has been true, as every institution of the kind is bound to be, to its origin and its traditions. Founded in the throes of the great world-contest between the two opposing movements in Western Christianity, and utilised throughout the first two centuries of its existence for the propagation of the religion fostered by the State, Trinity College is Protestant in its traditions, and Protestant in most of its more eminent names. To underestimate the value of that absolute and undeviating toleration of all shades of religious opinion which has marked the University for above a century would be in the last degree ungenerous and unjust. They know little of the inner life of Ireland in the nineteenth century who would ignore the value of the influence exerted by the University on the intellectual development of the country. Nor is it easy to exaggerate the value to a community permeated by religious prejudices, and historically impatient of tolerance, of the splendid impartiality with which a narrowly Protestant corporation adapted itself to the needs of the nineteenth century, and gave to numbers of Irish Roman Catholics for at least three generations an education which fitted them for the eminent positions to which their talents raised them. Yet those who best understand the nature of these services cannot but feel that what has sufficed for a period of transition can hardly suffice for the future. To emancipate opinion, and to deny it freedom of action is as impolitic as it is illogical. But the position of the State in relation to University education in Ireland is not the fault of Trinity College. It is the fault of the State, which has changed its ideals. When Trinity College was founded the ideal was still the old ideal of a religious State and of a State religion. And it was that ideal which Trinity College was designed to foster. The new ideal is of a State which, in Ireland at least, has no religion, in which all religions are free to promote their respective interests, and which is only concerned that its citizens should have the best possible facilities for education. But the State is not omnipotent, and it must not expect that institutions even of its own creation will change their ideals to suit its own mutations, or that a foundation formed for one purpose can be easily made to serve another almost diametrically opposite. The efficiency of a great and honoured institution must not be imperilled in the attempt to turn it to new purposes alien to its inherited sympathies. But, subject to that obvious and cardinal limitation, we regard it as urgently important that the wishes of the majority of Irishmen in regard to university education should be deferred to, so soon as their recognised leaders in this matter are agreed on the proper mode of giving effect to them.

#### BLOOD AND BLUNDER.

"Belgrade, the White City of Death, being the History of King Alexander and of Queen Draga."  
By Mrs. Northesk Wilson. London: Everett.  
1903. 10s. 6d. net.

TAKING advantage, with true journalistic instinct, of the terrible tragedy in Servia last June, Mrs. Wilson has hastily patched up a book, whereof her publishers must already have had leisure to repent. With the exception of a few anecdotes about King Alexander's boyhood, she tells us nothing new, nor anything more than might have been gathered by a diligent study of the daily press. Indeed she might have lifted whole columns of poor journalese bodily from the "Daily Chronicle" to describe the coronation of Peter, and she



has blandly reproduced in the first person singular all the extravagant fairy tales of Mr. W. T. Stead with reference to the alleged vision of a clairvoyant. Besides this we have a tedious piece of folk-lore, borrowed from the book of Madame Mijatović, and a piece of a poem, which that lady has translated into broken English. The following extract will show the kind of thing :

"The maiden of Kossovo rose early  
On the Sabbath morn, sooner than sunrise;  
From her round arms she turn'd back the white  
sleeves,  
Turn'd them backward above the white elbows."

Mrs. Wilson has a crude melodramatic style which is neither convincing nor edifying. The King, she tells us, "faced the howling of his enemies and the sword still dripping with the blood of his defenders. Never again could Belgrade be called the White City. It was the City of Death, its wonderful history palpitating with the quick pulse of memory. The throne which a new king ascends is still slippery with blood". In extenuation of such jargon, the author remarks, "I have the hopes that the truth of my narrative, of which I can speak with certainty, may atone for defects in the style". We wish we could share her certainty. As to the actual murder, accounts have been, and still are, so conflicting that it is impossible to know what really happened. So we may content ourselves with remarking that Mrs. Wilson's version does not bear the stamp of probability. She does not seem to know either Serbia or the Servians at all, and her second-hand statements do not warrant a claim to discrimination. We should like to know her authority for asserting that the conspirators "all agreed that the King should have his chance of life". We have the King's own emphatic denial of an intention to nominate Queen Draga's brother as his successor, but in this book the calumny is complacently repeated. It is untrue that Draga ever made a "pitiful claim for help to Queen Nathalie". Perhaps the most grotesque mistake is to be found in the statement that "it was at Draga's suggestion that King Alexander, revolver in hand, declared himself of age; that he locked up the Regents after inviting them to dinner; and, seizing the reins of government, proclaimed himself ruler of Serbia". At that time the King had probably never even heard of Draga, he certainly was not in love with her, and she certainly had no influence whatever upon public affairs. Mrs. Wilson's "short history" of the rival dynasties is by no means accurate. Milosh is confused with Milan and the author seems unaware that the old liberator returned to his throne after years of exile on the abdication of Alexander Karageorgević. We are also amused to find reference to "the nobility" of a democratic state, which has never conferred titles and which can scarcely boast of a single gentleman. The astounding blunders contained in this book are the more remarkable because the late Serbian Minister is said to have read over the proof sheets and corrected errors. We have not a high opinion of M. Mijatović's common sense or sense of proportion, but we imagine that, even after long years of absence, he must remember a few elementary facts about his own country. We can well believe that Mrs. Wilson's venomous attacks upon Queen Natalie and her bitter criticisms of Russian policy are inspired by the ex-Minister, but we are surprised that he should have allowed her to follow a certain illustrated journal in labelling the photographs of General Lazar Petrović and General Tsintsar Marković with the wrong names.

With regard to Russia, she does not seem to be aware that, while hostile to King Alexander and hand in glove with the Radicals, that Empire intrigued not for Peter Karageorgević but for a Russian Grand Duke. The discontented officers hurried on the plot and proclaimed their present ruler before the Russians were ready with their candidate. This explains the subsequent attitude of Russia, her displeasure against Peter and her attempts to overthrow the regicides, who are his only support. It is absurd to charge her with participation in a murder which has frustrated all her immediate designs.

Such work as is displayed in this book deserves only to be discouraged. Yet we are grateful for two little

anecdotes, which throw a pleasant light upon the boyhood of the unfortunate young King. When Milan was addressing the Skupshtina, a little figure crept up to one of the Ministers beside him and whispered, "Tell Papa he talks too much. I want him!" On another occasion a great crowd had assembled to cheer the boy on his arrival at Belgrade by steamer. "Why do these people make so much noise when they see me?" cried little Alexander. "Because they love you, my little son." Immediately he almost sprang out of the Minister's arms, calling out, "They say you love me: show me your love by throwing all your hats into the water." The hats were thrown!

## NOVELS.

"Phoebe in Fetters." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins). London: Murray. 1904. 6s.

Mrs. Reynolds has taken an unpleasantly "modern" theme for her latest novel and as she does not betray that fact until we are midway through the story we find ourselves looking back upon the whole with mixed feelings. We begin with the love story of Phoebe, a really attractive girl, and her friend Donald Bellairs a chivalrous solicitor. Phoebe, the daughter of a thriftless and dying genius, earns her living as a typewriter girl and makes friends on all hands, but her meeting with Donald introduces her to something of a new world for which she shows herself eminently suited. Donald proposes and is rejected and Phoebe's father dies of disappointment. A week later—a most unlikely touch—Phoebe accepts a second proposal with the understanding that she cannot "love". The two are married and Phoebe insists that the bargain is that she is to be wife only in name, the second half of the book being merely devoted to the undermining of this decision. Such themes should have no place in stories told presumably for entertainment. Some writers seem to think that Ibsen achieved his position by the handling of unpleasant subjects, and that by such handling they too may command success. Ibsen, thanks to the possession of genius, succeeded in despite of the themes which he chose to treat, and not because of them, and the fictional treatment of such by mediocrities is merely repulsive. Mrs. Reynolds shows some ability in sketching character and promises in the first half of her book to be able to tell a simple story—that promise she at once forgets when she springs her distasteful problem.

"The Island Pharisees." By John Galsworthy (John Sinjohn). London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

It is recorded that an English officer in the Peninsula asked a Portuguese why they disliked us. "You are too dam happy"! said our ally. This criticism puts in a nutshell most of what Mr. Galsworthy has to say in 300 pages, but as he has a sense of comedy his book is readable to the end. His hero is a well-to-do man of about thirty, engaged to a pleasant girl, whose prospects are altogether satisfactory. But he suddenly begins to ask himself questions which most of us ponder in our undergraduate stage, and makes himself and everyone else very uncomfortable. A chance acquaintance with a clever young Belgian who is something of a rogue opens his eyes to the fact that many things in the world are very oddly arranged, that there is a great deal of complacent humbug amongst well-to-do Englishmen, that the worship of form is carried to extremes, and so on. This kind of vague dissatisfaction is a dangerous asset for an engaged man. Mr. Galsworthy has written a delicious chapter describing an interview between his hero and the prospective father-in-law (a country squire who was determined that the young man should not gush). The incident of a not very intellectual Indian civilian home on leave, who takes a walking tour with the hero, is good. The Anglo-Indian has been much too busy fighting plague to ask himself what the ultimate justification of Imperialism may be. The hero, who has apparently never done a day's work, is much exercised on this question. Mr. Galsworthy has something of Mr. Grant Allen's attitude towards our conventions, but he is a gentle satirist, not an iconoclast. Perhaps he takes his philosophy too seriously.

"Countess Ida." By Fred Wishaw. London: Long. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Wishaw is one of the story-writers who have annexed Russia as their particular province, and in his latest volume he treats us to much of the usual machinery—to use the old word of the poets never more truly applicable than to the novel-makers of the present. An Englishman in Russia, this time an officer intent on learning the language as a paying subject, a secret society, an impressionable and wayward countess, a villain, a beautiful girl—such are the most important ingredients of the mixture here presented in thirty-one chapters. There is a murder. The fool of an Englishman—for none but a fool would have been so easily trapped—is suspected, convicted and sent off to the Siberian mines. He escapes, slowly and painfully gets back to S. Petersburg (picking up his future wife on the way) only to be for a while once more entangled in the toils. But of course all ends happily. If a story is to be read merely as a succession of incidents, without the reader allowing himself to be troubled as to probabilities, then "Countess Ida" may pass muster, but it will be as one of a company of which each publishing season gives us all too many.

"A Canadian Girl." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard. London: Long. 1904. 6s.

Possibly as foils to his Canadian girl Colonel Haggard has grouped together in this story a set of unprincipled pleasure-seekers, with whose immoralities and utter lack of self-control readers of taste will be nauseated long before the final catastrophe. When contrasted with Georgiana de Lamarre, who is a heartless adulteress, Phyllis Frere, the heroine, is just tolerable. Colonel Haggard speaks of her innate refinement, but that quality scarcely strikes one as conspicuous in a young lady who at a dinner-party of four, when the elders are at picquet after the meal and she and the usual millionaire have gone into "the boudoir" for a little music, "seized a banjo, and, even before Reginald could sit down at the piano to accompany her, commenced singing and dancing 'Ta ra ra boom de ay'—the wildest chorus of the day, which was just then the rage". We should have supposed this an instance of inherent vulgarity and ill-breeding, rather than of innate refinement. If the "nice girl" of the story is so far capable of forgetting what is due to her own dignity, what about the conduct of the other characters? Candidly, the less said, the better.

"The Captain's Daughter." By Gwendolen Overton. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

The scene of this pretty story is a military post in the Far West. It has at least three attractive characters, an Irish-American trooper, a natural and very human American girl, and a pug who is almost human and entirely natural. The book is worth reading, were it only to make Pug's acquaintance. But it has other recommendations. It tells how the Captain's daughter, with the self-confidence of clever sixteen, took upon herself to unravel an entanglement which should have been left to her elders, and in consequence nearly ruined her oldest and best friend. The disaster is happily averted, but not until the excellent and old-fashioned moral has been drawn, that our elders may possibly know better than we do, even if we are sixteen and clever. Not that there is any undue obtrusion of copy-book morality; for this is a healthy, open-air story, which any sensible girl ought to like, especially if she is fond of dogs, horses and country life generally.

"A Criminal Cræsus." By George Griffith. London: Long. 1904. 6s.

We have never read a novel in which quite so many drinks are consumed as in "A Criminal Cræsus". "The ruling of this world engendered thirst", according to Mr. Stephen Phillips, but the upsetting of it turns Mr. Griffith's plotters into human limekilns. The novel is a good specimen of its author's work, and he is lavish in sensation. To unite all South America in one republic would be enough for most adventurers, but the Criminal Cræsus also discovers and dominates a region under the sea near Iceland, where he conducts mining and forging operations on a colossal scale. If

he had not been so short-sighted as to banish to this underworld a young man with an amazing scientific turn—but we will respect Mr. Griffith's confidence. We should, however, like to know how the adventurers first established communication with their submarine estate. Jules Verne would have told us, but Mr. Griffith evidently knows his Aristotle and takes the fact as his starting-point.

"Love the Fiddler." By Lloyd Osbourne. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

In his search after the striking and the picturesque Mr. Osbourne does not always escape vulgarity. He arrests attention but he frequently jars and two of the stories in the volume would have been better omitted. "The Price of Honour" and "The Eternal Fire" are unnecessarily unpleasant and the subject-matter of them is handled after the method of a "Yellow Press" American reporter. In none of the short stories that make up the collection is Mr. Osbourne at his best. Not one of them stirs the emotions or awakens real feeling in the reader. They are cleverly told and interesting in their way but they bear the unmistakable stamp of the "machine made".

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Spencer Kellogg Brown: his Life in Kansas and Death as a Spy. 1842-1863. As disclosed in his diary." Edited by George Gardner Smith. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

The supply of books about the American Civil War is already so large that we doubt the necessity of giving to the world extracts from the diary of a promising young spy who was hanged by the Confederates in his twenty-second year. Spencer Kellogg Brown was not related to John Brown of Harper's Ferry (whose body lies mouldering in the grave), but was a neighbour of his in Kansas. The boy had pluck and talent, but his meditations on religion—of which the present book is largely composed—might well have been left in his diary. The book throws no new light on the war, and the odd situation in Kansas for some years before its outbreak has been often before described. Mr. Smith is more interested in theology than in tactics, and in a needlessly long book—the outcome of friendship with Brown's family—makes no attempt to discuss the interesting point in military law raised by Brown's execution. The boy when captured was an honest belligerent, and was hanged for a much earlier piece of secret service.

"Talpa: or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm." An agricultural fragment. By Chandos Wren Hoskyns Esq., with Introductory Note by his Great-Nephew, John S. Arkwright Esq. M.P. London: Brimley Johnson. 1903. 3s. 6d.

This is a reprint of a series of brilliant essays which originally appeared in the "Agricultural Gazette" in 1847, and which were subsequently published in book form. The chronicles are one of the recognised classics of English literature. Few writers before or since Mr. Hoskyns have treated agricultural subjects in such picturesque fashion. Mr. Hoskyns possessed not only wide knowledge of the subjects on which he wrote but a literary style of singular charm and vigour. The papers were well worth republication, and in their present form illustrated by the original drawings of George Cruikshank they are likely to appeal to a far wider circle than those for whom they were in the first place written.

"Old Cape Colony." By Mrs. A. F. Trotter. Westminster: Constable. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Trotter's chronicle of old Cape Colony's men and houses from 1652 to 1806 is for all practical purposes a local history of the Cape from its annexation by the Dutch to its surrender to Great Britain. A very picturesque chronicle it is, and the collection of these innumerable sidelights on the story of the "Tavern of the Indian Sea" must have cost Mrs. Trotter many months of diligent and devoted research. The distance which separates the time of which she writes from that in which she writes is brought vividly to mind by her dedication of the book to "the constant companion" of her expeditions: "my unpunctured bicycle". The "romance and poetry" which surround Cape Colony are illustrated by a hundred quaint pictures of structures and things which are disappearing or being modernised beyond recognition almost hourly. The spirit in which she approaches the subject is admirably conveyed in the closing sentences of the book: "What a crowd of people walk down the road! Old van Riebeeck in his silk stockings; van der Stel, keen and courteous; Captain Cook, stretching himself after a long sea voyage, or at his window cutting his signature with a diamond ring; Clive; the gallant figure of young Wellington, his face bronzed by an Indian sun; Dutch skippers; Englishmen in the service of John Company—can you not see them all?" It is not Mrs. Trotter's fault if we cannot.

(Continued on page 308.)



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"The Church and Conscience." "Mr. Gladstone and the Schools." "Mr. Gladstone a'r Ysgolion." Bangor: Jarvis and Foster. 1903.

These excellent pamphlets (the first instalment of a series issued under the direction of the Archdeacon of Bangor in special reference to the educational crisis in Wales) originally took the form of letters to an important provincial Liberal newspaper circulating in the northern part of the Principality. The writer makes many good points; and his attack on the "new Erastianism" in the schools which after all is a device of English Philistinism should appeal to the Welsh nonconformist. We are glad that this excellent letter "Mr. Gladstone and the Schools" has been translated into Welsh.

"Caleb Williams", by William Godwin, and Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho", are perhaps the least forgotten, so far at any rate as the titles of the books go, of Messrs. Routledge's new series of "Half-Forgotten Books". Six of them have been published so far—R. M. Jephson's "Tom Bulkley", Sam Slick's "Clockmaker", Emma Robinson's "Whitefriars", Rodwell's "Old London Bridge", and the two already mentioned. We should say that the average is a good deal higher than the average of popular fiction to-day. The print in several of these volumes is not very good; for instance that in "The Mysteries of Udolpho". In its day "Caleb Williams" won high praise from strongly-equipped judges, among others Hazlitt. It is quite worth reprinting. "Tom Bulkley of Lissington" perhaps can hardly be described as half-forgotten: it has passed through many editions since it was published forty years ago.

The latest reprint of the De La More Press is a little edition of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale", which has a pretty frontispiece, the "Canterbury Pilgrims", from a fifteenth-century MS. in the British Museum. We wonder that Stothard's beautiful picture of the Pilgrims has not been reproduced in modern editions of Chaucer: this frontispiece reminds one a good deal of Stothard's work. If it is necessary to put Chaucer into modern English, of which we have some doubts, no man could be found better qualified for the work than Mr. Walter Skeat, who supplies an admirable preface.

At the order of the Trustees the British Museum has published "A Guide to the Antiquities of the Bronze Age". This valuable guide-book is a sequel to the Stone Age which was issued by the authorities in 1902. It is admirably arranged by Mr. Charles H. Read. The illustrations of pottery and celts are excellent, and—rare in a guide—the volume can be read through with interest.

For This Week's Books see page 310.

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## NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE sixty-eighth annual meeting of the members of the National Provident Institution was held on February 26, at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. William Henry Willans presiding.

The Actuary and Secretary (Mr. Arthur Smith) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman, having alluded to the loss the Institution had suffered by the death of Messrs. W. J. Barron and C. W. C. Hutton, said: I dealt so fully with the affairs of the Institution generally when I had the pleasure of addressing you from this place last year that I do not think I need detain you long to-day. There are, however, two or three comments I should like to make on the report and accounts before I formally move their adoption. And, first, as to the new business, those of you who are familiar with life assurance practice will, I think, have been rather surprised at the magnitude of the amount of the new assurances we completed last year, and, indeed, I fancy we were somewhat surprised ourselves. Our usual experience—and, I believe, that of life offices generally—is that in the year following a bonus year there is a considerable decline in the new business returns; and this is natural enough, for obvious reasons. But last year was abnormal in this respect. Our total new business was only £15,000 less than the very large total of the bonus year itself. (Applause.) It is the largest amount we have ever had for the first year of a quinquennium, with a single exception, and that so long ago as 1848. I think that it was in great degree owing to the satisfaction caused by the results of the division of profits. I know we have had an even larger number than usual of members proposing for further assurances, and I think that our representatives found the holders of policies in their respective agencies even more ready than usual to recommend the office to their friends. Whatever the cause, the result, I am sure, is very gratifying, and reflects great credit on our admirable staff of district superintendents and our agents throughout the country. (Applause.) The report next deals with the claims by death, and in this respect, too, we have made a good beginning of this new quinquennium. Our mortality experience continues to be very favourable, the amount paid for claims being less than 73 per cent. of the amount provided for by the tables on which the calculation of our reserves is based. You will see that on these policies which have had the profit applied in the form of bonus additions, these additions—taking one case with another, old policies, and policies of recent date—amounted to 53 per cent. of the original sums assured; and, of course, the policies which had taken the profit in the form of reduction of premiums, or as cash bonuses, had enjoyed equivalent benefits in these other shapes. Turning to the accounts you will notice that our premium income shows a large increase, an increase of nearly £11,000, on that of the previous year, and our interest income the very substantial increase of £4,600. I am glad to say, too, that we are again able to report a small rise in the rate of interest realised on the total funds. It is only a few pence, it is true, but every little helps. I need not tell you that, whilst our total funds are very large indeed—nearly £6,000,000—it is only a few hundred thousands that we have the opportunity of investing or reinvesting in any one year; and, therefore, any improvement in the average rate of the whole fund can only be effected very gradually. In the balance-sheet you will have remarked a note we have inserted respecting our Stock Exchange Securities. In the previous year, 1902—our valuation year—we revalued these securities, and wrote off the considerable sum of £35,000 for depreciation, in addition, I may remind you, to reserving undivided about £45,000 of our ascertained surplus. We are now leaving the various items—about 120—in our books at the amounts we then took them at. It is inconvenient, and, as far as I can see, serves no purpose, to alter, every year, the figures at which these investments stand. We are satisfied that they are sound investments; and as they are of the nature of fixed charges, there is no variation in the revenue they produce. The more distinctly any such securities belong to the gilt-edged class, and the more they are what is called "cash" securities, and readily marketable, the more sensitive are they to every variation of that market. Of course, when we make our next quinquennial valuation, if the market price of any of them should happen at the time to be less than the value they stand at in our books, we shall then write them down. As to the other items in the balance-sheet, you will see that the gradual reduction I have referred to at previous meetings in the amount we have out on mortgage of real property is still going on. As a set-off to this, we have out increases in the amount invested in freehold and leasehold rents. I find that during the last 10 years, whilst the amount of mortgages has been reduced by more than £1,000,000, the amount invested in rents has increased by £700,000. These two items are, I believe, more closely related to each other than might at first sight appear. For many years past, I think, the tendency has been for builders and others who buy a piece of land and place a building upon it, instead of obtaining a mortgage on the freehold, to first create and sell a freehold ground rent, representing, usually, the value of the land and also a part of the value of the building, and then to obtain a mortgage on the leasehold interest; and, similarly, when a building is placed upon leasehold land, the lessee first creates what he calls an improved leasehold rent, representing any excess value the land may have over the original ground rent and also a part of the value of his building. Then he negotiates a mortgage on the remainder of the leasehold interest. The result of such operations is that we are able to purchase a first charge on the freehold interest or on the leasehold interest, as the case may be. In some respects these investments are to be preferred to mortgages. There is a saying, you know, "As safe as a bank." Well, the more I see of life-assurance business the more firmly I am convinced that no bank could possibly be safer than a well-managed life office. Although we seem to have, as the very staple and basis of our business, that most uncertain of all things—human life, yet we know that, whilst none of us can predict how many years or how few any one man will live, nevertheless, if we take 10,000 men, we can estimate, almost with precision, what will be the aggregate number of years they will live, all taken together. And then see what margins we keep everywhere, so as to make assurance double sure; a margin in the rate of mortality we assume; a margin in the rate of interest, and another margin in the rates of premiums based on those safe rates of interest and mortality. We make our reserves on such a basis—on data so stringent, and by methods so conservative, that in the normal working of our business there is always going on the automatic accumulation of surplus at the rate of some £150,000 a year. This continues year after year for five years, and then the accumulated surplus is returned to our members, and we begin again. Last year we divided in this way £751,000 accumulated during the preceding five years, and we give you in the report a short summary of the results. We have now made a good start with the first year of a new quinquennium; and I feel that, in tendering the thanks of the board to all those who have helped in one way or another to advance the prosperity of our great Institution in the past—to our members, agents, district superintendents, and office staff—I may claim from them, with much confidence, the same helpful co-operation in the future, so that the National Provident Institution may maintain that proud place in the very front rank of life-assurance offices which it has so long, and, I make bold to say, so deservedly held. I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. R. M. Curtis seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.



PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

CHIEF OFFICE: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

**Summary of the Report presented at the Fifty-fifth Annual Meeting,  
held on 3rd March, 1904.**

**ORDINARY BRANCH.**—The number of Policies issued during the year was 74,358, assuring the sum of £7,396,050, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £396,780.

The Premiums received during the year were £3,814,856, being an increase of £163,398 over the year 1902.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,523,686. The number of Deaths was 6,611, and 5,685 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 712,097.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year were £5,846,554, being an increase of £155,647.

The Claims of the year amounted to £2,100,824. The number of Deaths was 210,839, and 3,246 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those Policy-holders of five years' standing who desired to discontinue their payments was 95,938, the number in force being 912,984. The number of Free Policies which became Claims during the year was 19,788.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 15,200,390; their average duration exceeds ten and a quarter years.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are £51,217,377, being an increase of £4,062,176 over those of 1902.

The Staff Provident Fund, which was founded in 1898 for the benefit of the outdoor staff, shows a satisfactory increase for the year, the total amount standing to the credit of the Fund being £127,077.

**General Balance Sheet of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited, being the  
Summary of both Branches, on the 31st December, 1903.**

[illegible]

THOS. C. DEWEY, } *Joint General Managers.*  
WILLIAM HUGHES, }  
FREDERICK SCHOOLING, *Actuary.*

EDGAR HORNE, *Chairman.*  
HENRY HARBEN, } *Directors.*  
PERCY T. REID, }  
D. W. STABLE, *Secretary.*

We have examined the Cash transactions (receipts and payments) affecting the accounts of the Assets and Investments for the year ended December 31st, 1903, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and Securities, Certificates, &c., representing the Assets and Investments set out in the above account, and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on December 31st, 1903.

17th February, 1904.

DELOITTE DEVER, GRIFFITHS & Co., *Chartered Accountants.*

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